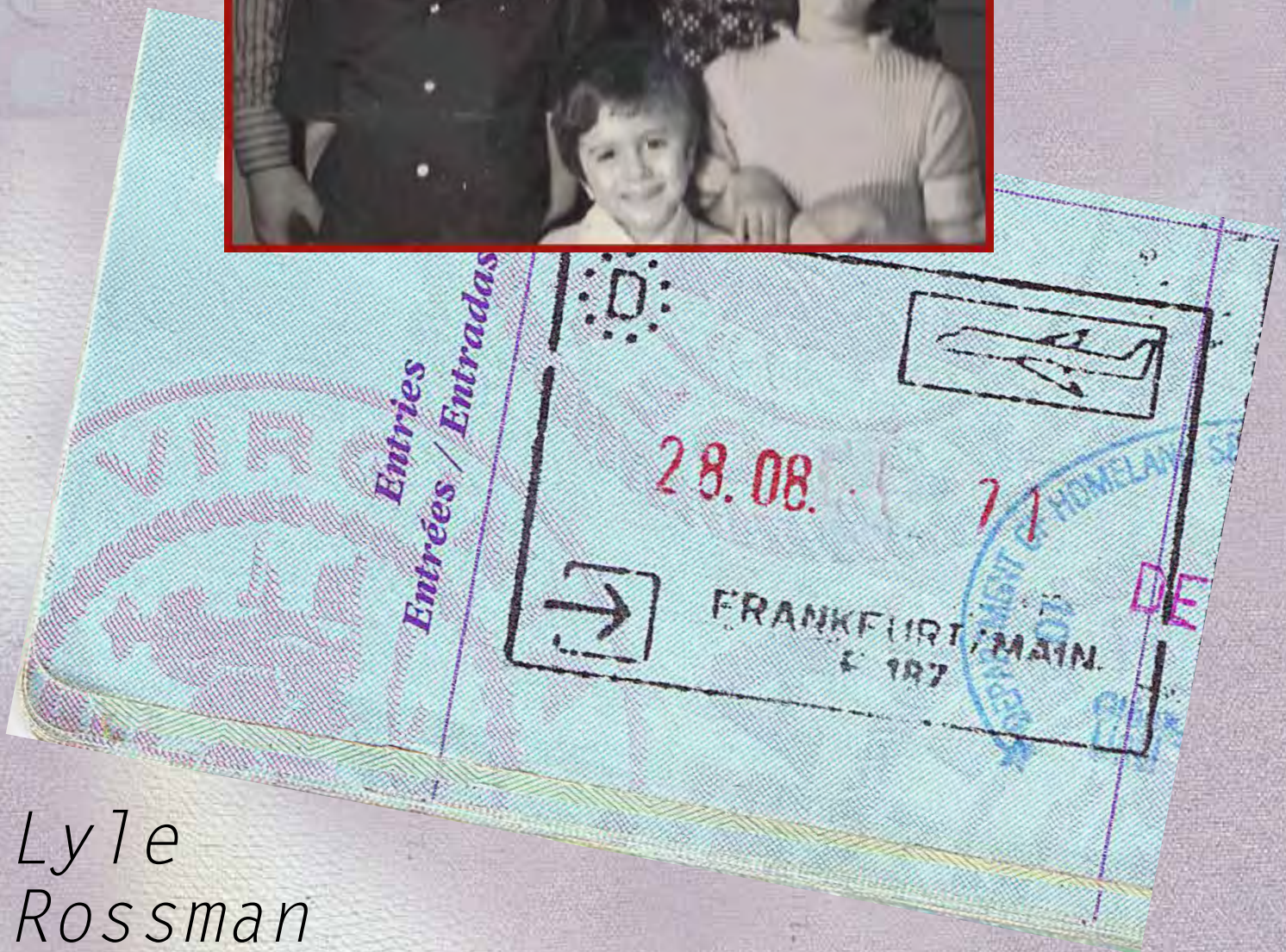


Passport to Europe



Lyle
Rossman

EUROPE - 1973

Shortly after the summer vacation of 1972 we (our family) were sitting around the table discussing plans for summer 1973. I had long wanted to rent a cottage on the shores of Yucatan for one month and have nothing else to do. Linda made it very clear that she would not consider such a trip until after we had been to Europe. Arguments about the difference in cost were useless. The kids could have cared less and they expressed little enthusiasm about any trip.

Much to my amazement, the AFT came out with their list of charter flights - \$249 to Amsterdam, round trip from Minneapolis. Not only that, $\frac{1}{2}$ fare for the kids. How can one pass up a bargain like that? Not only that, Jeff would be 12 next year and he would then be full fare. Since there were only a limited number of $\frac{1}{2}$ fares for the kids it was necessary to act immediately. We, er, I didn't want to get shut out. I doubt if there was an argument powerful enough to stop me. I was prepared to rationalize my way into the trip at all cost. Even the disappointment that the six week trip we had planned was cancelled and that we could be booked on an eight week flight to Frankfurt or a four week flight to Amsterdam was no deterrent. The price also went up \$30/person. That's \$150 for a family of five.

This created several weeks of severe marital friction and some soul searching. Four weeks is too short - eight weeks is too long. The price is too high and we can't afford it. Can't we do better flying from New York? Where would we store the car? We had to spend $\frac{1}{2}$ the time in English speaking countries because mom was afraid of being in a foreign speaking country that long. Thank God there was a deadline. Deep down I was sure I could win the argument for eight weeks. You don't just plunk

\$1,000 for a measly four week trip -even if the eight week trip goes to Germany, and we hadn't been to Israel yet. In early March it was settled. We would leave on June 14 - return on August 8. Destination, Frankfurt, Germany.

During this total period, Linda frequently reminded me that I was being very obnoxious. All I could talk about was the trip and I had my nose buried in numerous travel guides. Most of which gave little help. I also tried to get some history and geography of areas we might visit. Our friends were very tolerant of my enthusiasm and people who had previously visited Europe tried to help. You must stay at this hotel, reservations are absolutely necessary, that art museum in a must, why do you want to go there?. Perhaps the most distressing arguments were the overwhelming comments about the rude French. I vividly remember a visit to AAA. The travel counselor assured me that we would not like France - they don't like Americans. Why don't you go to Spain and Portugal where they love us. Partly because of the airport's proximity to France, and partly because of sheer stubbornness against people's reactions, France became one of my main goals. I even struggled through "French made simple - 22 lessons". It helped me so much that the French people would go into gales of laughter whenever I opened my mouth. They appreciated my efforts and I could read the headlines in the paper.

During this time, Linda showed very little enthusiasm for the whole trip. She had no preferences except for Great Britain. Her main argument - they speak English. One night after elaborate plans were well along the way, Linda pointed out that we had to visit her high school chum and college friend, who lived in Florence.

CRASH - all my plans and itineraries had to be revamped. Madrid or Rome? Ireland? It was very complex. First, the plane to Frankfurt - add Germany and Switzerland if we go to Italy. Two issues that could not be compromised, were Andorra and July 7 in Pamplona, Spain. We couldn't miss Hemingway's "Fiesta of San Fermin and the "running of the bulls". Another must - July 14, Bastille Day in Paris. Well Italy could be squeezed in - Venice, Florence, Rome (maybe).

Easter in New York. Would you believe that we discovered Harriet, Linda's friend would be leaving Florence on June second. She only lived there several years. We finally saw Harriet three years later. But Italy was now in our blood and would not be pushed out of the way.

We decided to free lance it. No organized or definite commitments for us. No Eurailpass either. It was not good in the British Isles and we might have wanted to take the bus. The Easter vacation was spent visiting numerous tourist offices of all the countries we might visit. Most were easy to find and close to one another on fifth avenue. Deutschland was not, It was on the 30th floor far from the others. Oh, the boat trips, castles, and sights for which we planned. Amazingly very few of these plans came off, but there were so many things to take their place that we didn't miss them. Some musts for the kids. Jeff most wanted to visit Le Mans, France and the race track. Anne and Nathan insisted on Inverness and the Loch Ness monster. Anne was promised wooden shoes for her birthday - sorry Anne we didn't make it. Finally it was time to shove off. We had the tip-packs, passport (all on one), no shots to everyone's relief, house rented out and all house hold things taken care of. We were ready to pack.

DEPARTURE DATE - JUNE 14, 1973

Despite the need to relax and be rested for the flight, everyone awoke early. 1001 things had to be completed - grass mowed, house prepared for the renters, and packing to complete. We must not take more than is needed. One suitcase per person was allowed. I might need that coat in Scotland, this dress might come in handy - aagh - we goofed. Leave all the mightbe's behind and $\frac{1}{2}$ of the must. We certainly were slow learners as many people had warned us. Carrying heavy suitcases all over Europe was not necessarily fun. Things in the house were put away for the renters. 4:00!! Everyone should rest. Impossible. Anxiety was too high. We visited with the Anderson's for a beer, we also reviewed with them all the things that would need to be done while we were gone. Another overwhelming surprise. Connie Metcalf threw a bon voyage party for us - cake and all. She especially remembered Anne's birthday.

The plane left at 7:30 - be at the airport by 6:00. We finally loaded Bob Anderson's station wagon and left for the airport at 5:00. The airport was crowded and many people were milling around bored. Suitcases made a good seat. finally they started checking everyone through. How much do I weigh?--truly do they really have to know? "We must know the total weight of the plane for fueling purposes. Will the plane make it? That was a comforting thought. The kids were absolutely buggy. When will the plane leave? was asked every five minutes.

Fortunately, we met a very pleasant, young Spanish teacher from Rochester - Carol. The kids struck up a conversation. Linda and I held our breath's that they would not get pesky. There were numerous conversations but for the most part everyone

was stiff and stilted. Carol was going to spend six weeks in Barcelona. There were also some distant acquaintances from the St. Paul schools.

About 9:00 o'clock they began to load the plane. Anxiety as we suffer the agony of knowing if we can get five seats together. Carol consented to let Nathan sit with her. I'm sure he chewed her ear off. Take-off was only $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours late. The pilot pointed out that we would pass over Thunder-Bay, Labrador, Amsterdam(our only glimpse of Holland), Greenland, Ireland, and finally Frankfurt - 10:00 German time. The trip was pleasant and uneventful. Most people were buried in guide books, language books, maps, etc. They were not very animated. Nathan pleaded for pop and then he did not like the "hissy" pop. Meals and lunches were satisfactory. As we passed over Belfast everyone craned their necks for the 1st glimpse of Europe, (this point was disputed later by our Irish friends). It was a wonder the plane didn't flip with the sudden shift in weight. London spread out for miles as did the coast of Holland. Finally, 10:30 a.m. (4:00 Minneapolis time) the plane circled Frankfurt. Due to an air controllers slowdown we circled and circled-and circled. I got a tremendous headache. The pilot informed us that we were circling over Mainz and that was the Rhine below.

JUNE 14th - Day 1 on the CONTINENT

We finally landed. Nathan hung on to "Marfy" a hand puppet given to him by the Jahn's, Fridley friends. They gave him the puppet the day we left. "Marfy" saw us through many adventures and when we were homesick we could always rely on him to help us over the rough spots. After disembarking an overwhelming feeling of helplessness attacked Linda and I. All our American counterparts were well organized with plans to pick up a car

or catch a train. The Rossman's vowed that we would save money with no taxi's etc. Where would one begin. First customs were very simple, a flash of the passport and a walk through.

For 15 minutes or so we were all in a daze. The foreign language signs and rudiments of German - "Einfahrt and Ausfahrt" "Eingang and Ausgang" was apparent. Einfahrt and Ausfahrt had Linda and the kids giggling for the next two weeks. Oh, to start off the trip at the airport, one of the kids knocked some magazines off a shelf and was Linda embarrassed. How do you apologize! Finally we overcame our inertia and we located the information booth. The "Hotel Steeg", she never heard of it. After further searching she located it in a guide book, Wilhelmstrasse. Oh, "Strasse" another new word along with "Bonsteig" and "Bonhof". She wrote it on a slip of paper, pointed to the bus stop and helped translate for the transfer. The ticket seller was very helpful. Ein, Zwei, drei, vier, fünf, etc. He got us on the right bus and we were off. Four weeks with a minimum of English.

Can you perceive of five persons totally dependent on one another for all socialization. We survived although at times it was rough. Frankfurt was a rather unexciting city. It was rather drab and gray. The red roses everywhere did add some needed color. Apparently the total destruction during the war and the rapid rebuilding left little for atmosphere. The bus trip from the "flughaven" to the "Bahnhof" was very uneventful. We Transferred at the Bansteig 2 for the tram to Wilhelmstrasse. which was across from the zoo. A number of person's on the tram noticed our plight and gave helpful suggestions in English. I noticed that in many countries English was widely spoken - they

can help any tourist - but to develop an in depth conversation was virtually impossible.

We finally reached the hotel at 1:00. The first major shock - \$60 U.S. funds for two rooms, one with a private bath. This was a cause for much stewing. We put our luggage on the tiny elevator and squeezed in. "Schlissel" another new work. The rooms are pleasant but the wash-out toilets, common to Germany, ugh do they stink. German toilet paper is rough (sand-paperish or like stiff waxed paper). After a short rest we started for a walk. \$60/one night means we will run out of money in 2 weeks. We returned to negotiate with the concierge. He assured us that was the going rate in Germany. He spoke English- but at times we had to work to break through to a mutual understanding. He also remarked on the shabby workmanship and the Steeg is "Post-war". The new charge is only \$30 which was pre-paid at home. He agreed to move us up two floors, all in one room and the bathroom down the hall. There was a shower stall in the room however. The whole situation was quite a relief.

We strolled down the street and our first stop was a small street market where we bought bananas and a copy of Sesamestrasse. We were hungry and glimpsed at the menu at a little street cafe near the entrance to the zoo, which by the way we never did visit. Looking at the menu was strange. The only recognizable words were suppe and wurst. The waitress came by and there was a very difficult interchange in interpreting the menu. I flashed the traveler's checks and the waitress walked away. A return to the feelings of helplessness. We continued down the street and entered a "Drougerie" - we needed a bank. The frau was much friendlier and after much gerturing we were sent two blocks down the street to the bank. A new procedure - produce your passport, go to a window

to have the check signed and then you picked up your money at another window. 2.52 marks to the dollar. Germany would be expensive and reports were that Switzerland would be worse.

Hurray, the clerk, a middle-aged gentleman "sprechen ze Ingles". Linda tried to get an interpretation of the various foods. She flapped her arms and jumped around like a chicken. Thus we learned the word "henchen". She also discovered the word for pork. We returned and had a fairly early dinner at the same cafe. Suppe, bratwurst, henchen, and salat. That strange white stuff they served us turned out to be white asparagrass, a specialty of that part of "Deutschland".

Linda and the kids returned to the hotel and I took a stroll downtown. The marquee on the X-rated theater was far more explicit than was common in Minneapolis at that time. The quality of the electronics equipment and cookware as well as other merchandise was superb. One T.V. set had the regular large picture plus a small 2" picture for another channel on the side. Lamps and furniture were all ultra-modern. I was also struck by the abundance of sex shops. I returned to the hotel and we all rested for ein uhr. Wveryone was still keyed up so we took another walk. We all went downtown. Beer and wine were sold over the counter and on every street corner.

We discovered "erdbeer, himbeer, and citron". These were all flavors of ice cream. The European's delight in miniature ice cream cones. In Germany they were only 10 pf per dip. Boy did we eat our fill in 8 weeks. On the way back we stopped at a special part of the zoo. Linda and I were not interested. This was the first major feat for all three children. We paid their fee and the children, sans parents, spent $\frac{1}{2}$ hour touring the building. It was a very pleasant park and Linda and I finally

rested and reflected on the day. Home and bed. P.S. The shower worked fine except the drain. It was emptied by stepping on a pump. It took numerous steps on the starter before the water was drained.

JUNE 16 - FRANKFURT TO HEIDELBERG

That's what the transatlantic flight did. The 14th & 15th ran together. On the morning of the 16th we awoke and had our first bout with a continental breakfast. Our train left for Heidelberg about 12:30 but they stopped serving breakfast at 9:30. We arose, got dressed, and were the last to enter the dining room. We received numerous nasty looks. A glimpse at the menu and we were thrilled because it looked like we would have several courses. Alas, no luck. We received four sandwiches with a very thin slice of ham and cheese and to the kids dismay, warm milk, not homogenized. The globs of cream turned them off. On the way to the haubptbahnhof we had several adventures.

a. We took pictures of the beautiful roses.

b. One block from the hotel, Nathan vomited all over the sidewalk. Linda and I stared and tried to decide what to do. We decided to walk away and pretended we didn't know what happened.

c. Considerable confusion resulted about buying tram tickets. We were talked inbuying a "karten" of 5 rides and we had several left over. I don't understand what happened.

d. About 5 blocks further on the tram, I was holding Nathan and Anne was leaning against my knees. You guessed it. She vomited on the crowded tram. I had my hands full. Linda tried to ignore us but it didn't work. She dug into one of the suitcases for a clean pair of pajamas and wiped it up. The embarrassment was considerable.

Finally we were near the Bahnhof-only a block away. Five suitcases and two sick kids! We would never make it. Linda agreed to stay with Anne and Nathan on a bench near the tram stop, while I determined how to get our tickets, board the train, etc. This procedure turned out to be quite a hassle as it was totally foreign. Jeff and I stood in the information line for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. I got antsy and Jeff agreed to get mom and stay with Anne and Nathan. Three children, two of them sick, and it we were lucky they might know about five words of German. Linda met me again and about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour later we discovered that we could have gone to the long distance ticket window and saved $\frac{3}{4}$ of the time. We purchased a ticket to Zurich with the right to stopover wherever we liked.

Linda stayed with the suitcases while I got the kids. Anne greeted me with "Nathan threw-up again-and some lady asked where is your mama, your brother is sick (krank). This must be the origen of the word kranky. We all got on the train - with only a skimpy lunch. The train left promptly and I alternated staying in the bathroom with Nathan and our own compartment.

Darmstadt - This was the town of my family on my Dad's side. also, Linda's uncle Ellis lived in Darmstadt after the war and worked on the Star's and Stripe's. Linda visited here when she was 12. However, we were all too exhausted to stop and our goal was Heidelberg. The ride was really very pleasant and we arrived in Heidelberg on the dot.

Heidelberg- What a city to start a trip. It was romantic, charming, historical, colorful, etc. - but small enough that one could begin to comprehend it's significance. Some very interesting historic facts were noted. For some reason the allies did not bomb Heidelberg.

Perhaps it was it's historical significance and lack of military value that saved it. The large and prominent beer hall recall's the "Student Prince", and keynotes the role of the University in town.

Hiedelberg sets nestled in a valley of moderate hills. The Neckar river flows along the Eastern edge of the city and its banks are lined with parks. A beautiful place to stroll. During several walking trips we passed the city hall at the Marktplatz. At a lovely, large old world building with a line of geranium's about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the way up the wall. The German's certainly love flowers and most buildings are bedecked with them. The building is probably of the 15th or 16th century. We spent hours strolling through the old streets of town adjusting ourselves to 1. the traffic, 2. the sidewalks and streets being so narrow and winding that you often feel like you might get run down. Adjusting to European traffic was hard. It's fast.

The train arrived here about 1:00 p.m. After an hour with the kids and I waiting in the waiting room- Linda, through the tourist bureau located a room for us at the Pension am Neckar. During this wait we had the first experience with public rest-rooms. It was a mild shock to find a middle-aged robust lady in charge of the room. Here chair was not far from the uninals and if you needed a booth she supplied the change. A few pfennig's tip was in order. I quickly adjusted to the situation. After all, women go to male doctors.

We lugged five suitcases and three kids about 8 blocks and up four floors (Pensions are always on 4th and 5th floors) to our room - which once we were checked in was breathtaking. The balcony over-looked the Neckar and what appeared to be one of the

wealthier suburbs of Heidelberg.

Frau Bauer was a pleasant woman-but very proper. If she sums up German people one would not feel warmth. We pulled the usual faux-pah's - like the kinder jumping on her beautiful feather quilt. After she chased them off I placed our suitcase on it. One would think that it was her most prized possession - perhaps it was. Anne wanted a scissors. She showed her true colors and asked Frau Bauer for such. The answer was polite but brusque. I discovered the origin of our family's use of the word shears. There is more residual German language in our family than I had originally thought. Even though Frau Bauer spoke little English Anne was able to get her message across. Anne also helped us get acquainted with three young lads from Northern Ireland. They were in Germany on holiday. We discussed the political situation in Ireland and they assured us that if we stayed out of "Derry" the worst spot, and Belfast we would be safe during our visit to Ireland.

After we had rested and Nathan felt better - Linda, Jeff, and Anne went to an Italian Restaurant. I later went out and bought a sandwich at an open air cafe. We then took a short walking tour of the town. Everyone was out strolling and we found plenty of ice cream stands. We tried the Marktplatz - where the guide book said there would be chimes playing folk songs. It never happened. Another mistaken guidebook. On the way back we strolled along the river and bought our 1st bottle of apfelsaft. We later tried traubensaft. Why are healthy fruit drinks and milk cheaper than soft drinks? Cheaper than in the U.S.? It says something about our values. We turned in early.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17

Since we were just getting adjusted to the time and the flight, and since Heidelberg was so charming, we decided that one more day would be in order. Frau Bauer brought breakfast to the room and set the table for us. Rolls, Hot chocolate, tea, or coffee was the common fare. The room was more expensive than we liked, about \$22, but the service was good. She wished us a good day and helped us map out the total day.

One of the real adventures - which proved that Anne was a real mensch - Nathan too, was their eagerness to return the apfelsaft bottle for 30 pf and to buy another bottle. It was four blocks from the hotel and they needed no help. They returned in 15 or 20 minutes.

The mapped out tourist route was very interesting and hit most of the sights. We ended up in the Southwest edge of town. Linda and the kids took the funiculum to the castle, while I walked. It was about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. On the way I passed a family of Texans and the following quote - "I'm sweating like a Nigger". You can't escape American racism anywhere. This example was Americans at their worst.

The castle was neat and the kids almost liked it. The statuary and gardens were superb. Linda came into possession of stolen jewelry and still has the ring. It seems the young fellow was selling jewelry, but not legally. He was showing the ring to Linda when a policeman (polizei) arrived. The vendor grabbed the jewelry he could and left Linda holding the rest. She later gave him the necklace when she ran into him. At the kids demands we took them to see the worlds largest wine vat. The view from the castle was breathtaking.

The rest of the day was fairly laxy. We did take a picture of the old bridge. Since we had seen most of the city the afternoon was peaceful. Using a telephone was impossible. Linda took the tram to the railroad station to find out when the train would leave for Zurich on Monday. We ate lunch at a pleasant street cafe. Roasted chicken and bratwurst. That seemed reasonable in price. The kids and I crossed the river and rested in a small park by the river. Most of Heidelberg was out for the Sunday afternoon. The little ice cream cones were great. Linda went out in the evening and bought chicken, fries, and traubensaft for dinner. We ate dinner in our room. It was a really relaxing and exhilarating day. To top it off the kids and I spent about an hour at the "spielgarten" and we relaxed more. Linda and I also got an hour out after the kids were in bed.

MONDAY - June 18

Frau Bauer served our usual breakfast. We all wanted souvenirs and so we spent an hour at Woolworths, about six blocks away. A sure place to find out what the local natives buy. We lugged our bags four blocks to the train. We arrived two hours before it left. It was decided that we should find a grocery and bring our lunch for the train. We stored our luggage and we were off. We must have spent 45 minutes browsing at the new products, comparing costs, etc. Blumenkohl (Cauliflower) was cheap- so are most vegetables. We settled on cheese and bread. Also canned vegetables. The furniture store was on the top floor and caught our eye. The clerk was friendly and directed us to a room of period furniture typical of Deutschland. You know, the non tourists areas are often far more fascinating than those in the tourist guide books, things I'm already familiar with.

With our meager lunch and our belongings we were off for Switzerland and Zurich, Despite the gloomy prediction that "if you think Deutschland is expensive wait until we see Switzerland".

The trip along the Rhine was very pleasant. We passed Karlsruhe and other prominent cities. The garden plots came down to the edge of the railroad- each with a shiny new tool shed. We discovered that in most of the small cities many residents have $\frac{1}{4}$ acre or more plots of land on the outskirts and they raise their own vegetables in the summer. Prominent foods in this area are 1. White asparagus. I don't like asparagus but in the salads they served it was tremendous. 2. Rhine wine. We didn't sample any until our return to Deutschland. As we moved South and the rolling hills closed in we saw the gardens near the river and the vineyards falling away into the hills. There were again little shacks to break the otherwise unbroken rhythm.

German trains are prompt and we pulled into Basle at the proper time. There was slight anxiety as the customs agent viewed our passport. Again, however, the process was very routine and cursory. Basle, from the train looked like any American industrialized city. Shortly after the train pulled out we got acquainted with an American gentleman working in Basle - three days a week. He taught English in a technical school and lived in Winterthur, a small town North of Zurich. The trip from Basle to Zurich was about two hours . We stood by a window and chatted as the rolling hills of Northern Helvetia rolled by. I was somewhat disappointed as I expected Rockies and got somewhat less than the Appalachians. The train ran

along the border of Deutschland and Switzerland.

During our discussion some interesting facts came to light. Switzerland turned German Jews back at the border during the war. Zwingli was the prominent religious leader, and protestantism raised its head here. The best and cheapest restaurants in Zurich were a chain called alcohol-frei. Undoubtedly tied in with the protestant ethic. He also filled us in on the daily operations as well as governmental operations of this small nation. The money in Switzerland was fantastic. It has lots of flowery pictures and as the denominations grow, so does the money, until ten or fifty Swiss Francs can barely be folded to fit into your billfold. We arrived in Zurich about 5:00.

Switzerland was as spotless as Germany. The railroad stations were all huge and hustling and everything was rather businesslike. After a long walk through the station we found the tourist bureau. I chatted with other Americans and we all commiserated about the high prices. They convinced me that if one had a car he could find cheaper pensions out of town. After about an hour of waiting Linda located accommodations at the Pension Meier. It was about four blocks from the Bahnhof. We loaded up the kids, suitcases, and all and we were off. Four blocks seemed forever.

We located the pension, and guess what-- four flights up. I've wondered at times about fire. There was usually only one fire escape. This time we were in a very small attic type room. The owner was quite unpleasant. When she saw five of us - three children, she made a slight protest. She thought there would only be four. After she gave us firm instructions that the "kinder" were not to play in the hall, how to use the

bath, etc. she gave us the "schlissel". Several other guests indicated that Frau Meier was quite strange. She was apparently very emphatic about putting your butter and jam on your plate and then onto your bread. If one followed the few rules of etiquette there would be little problem. Linda watched the kids like a hawk. The history of Frau Meier was tragic. She was an inmate in a concentration camp during the war and came out of the experience quite bitter.

The maid, who was from Spain, was extremely pleasant. She loved the kids and was willing to play with them. Everyone liked her. She tried very hard to find Nathan's pluto, a little rubber dog that we bought in Zurich. Although the quarters were not luxurious, they were tolerable and centrally located.

After freshening up a little we decided to take a preliminary look at the city. The first stop, dinner. We were still not ready to try a full-fledged restaurant (that was scary) so we located a Nedicks style coffee-shop - "silberkugel". Actually everything was reasonable. Linda was daring and tried the spinach-kugel. The rest of us had ham and cheese (superb) and "spiegeleier". Everyone had finally eaten well, the first time on the trip.

A long discussion ensued, one of many. Do we return to the pension or go for a walk? The kids all went up at a walk, and Linda could not stand the thought of going to bed. We finally agreed on a "short" walk. I was able to manipulate it into two hours. By the way, a sidelight, our pension was located on a pleasant side street with a brook running towards the lake on the opposite side of the street. There was also a little park. We chose to stroll down the Bahnhofstrasse.

This has to be the most opulent, wealthy street in the world.

We passed numerous jewelry stores, including Bucherers, with it's \$1,000 and up watches. The electronics are fantastic. There are several delicatessens and toy stores, etc. Fifth Ave. has nothing to compare with it. We strolled the full two miles. Nathan was on my shoulders for one block and then he would walk a block. Anne would sneak in a ride every now and then also. I must have had the strongest shoulders in Europe when we got home. There were plenty of efforts to get us on the tram, but I successfully scuttled them. It was too exciting absorbing the flavor of Zurich on foot.

At the foot of the Bahnhofstrasse is the Zurichsee. It was still light enough that we were able to see the fish swimming under the dock. The vista was breathtaking. The "see" is set among gently rolling hills. As we stood there the lights began to twinkle around the shore and we watched a sightseeing boat approach the dock. We consider^{ed} the trip for tomorrow. The kids were embarrassed as we had our first experience of viewing a nude statue - a young boy with a sea gull on his shoulder. The kids giggle^d and ~~are~~^{were} slightly embarrassed. We started back along the Limmetquai - even though it was getting late. It was a beautiful night. We were chased from a restaurant and then watched the swans and ducks. We found that a very old world sidewalk followed the river and we saw several fisherman were trying their luck in the river. After several blocks we turned away from the river. The street went up fairly steep stairs and we were lost in a labyrinth of narrow old world streets. We got lost and followed the creek until we reached our pension. The riches of Zurich were too great for only a couple of hours.

Once again we elected to stay an extra day. Frau Meier was almost pleased with the news.

TUESDAY - June 19

A long discussion ensued the previous evening. Linda was rumbling about renting a car. No way was I going to tackle the big city traffic. We arose and made a point to be at breakfast at 9:00. We didn't want to face the glares of Frau Meier. A relief, she signed us in for another day and disappeared. The breakfast was typical - the jam delicious. The kids had hot chocolate - Linda and I had tea. One subtle change Linda and I noticed was that altho German is the language, French was creeping in. For example, no longer did we order "Hennen" but "Poulet". The first item on the agenda ^{was} ~~is~~ to make arrangements for going to Brig or Zermatt tomorrow.

We strolled to the Bahnhof and the kids and I windowshopped while Linda spent about one hour getting information. We were appalled at the fare to Brig and decided after all to try the car. Budget rental was cheaper, but we would have to return the car to Switzerland and take the train to Paris. We finally settled with Avis- even though it would cost more. We were able to drop the car off at Orly airport in Paris. With lots of worries about European traffic I took out the maximum insurance. I felt defenseless in a foreign land where I could not speak the language. The avis representative assured^d us that if we had an accident in Italy it would automatically be our fault. The other countries would not be as bad. \$500 for 3½ weeks. PHEW! But it did go onto the American Express Credit Card. We had a choice of a strange looking Renault^{Go} or a Seat, which is a Spanish made Fiat. We opted for the latter since it seemed more practical. We would be able to pick it up at 9:00

the next day. It was now about 10:30 - well into our day.

On the way to Avis we went out the ~~back~~ of the Bahnhof and facing us was a very charming museum- written up in all the guide books. There was not enough time and we decided it would have to wait for another trip. The traffic around the Bahnhof was fantastic and I was already getting nervous.

After Avis, we started with another stroll down the Bahnhofstrasse. All the stores were open. Bucherers - a watch store was a real experience. We spent an hour or so looking at the watches and being waited on. It was almost like buying an expensive diamond.

A block further down ~~the~~^{was} the most fantastic toy store I've ever seen. This consumed another hour. There were numerous handcarved, home made toys, plus numerous soldiers of the old variety. They were collectors items and represented various wars. It made one aware of the fact that the United States has moved a long way from the crafts. After all the wonderful things in the store the boys settled on two rubbero plutos made in Hong Kong. One of these was a trip long friend. Oh, Oh, Jeff lost his that night at the pension.

Lunch time was thoroughly enjoyed in the park by the "see". Wienerli- mit brot and senf. It was a really weird way to sell hot dogs. Two foot longs, a small roll and a dollop of mustard. We ate in a small band shell and rested for the walk home. Everyone was tired, but promising Anne and Jeff watches made for some movement up the Bahnhofstrasse. We stumbled into Jelmoli's, a large department store, by accident. We bought Anne and Jeff each a watch. Anne's was adorable. It was a mother rocking a baby. This was the second hand. We paid for this purchase with a credit card. That was a first for us.

As usual we got lost and ended up on the other side of the creek. There was a large strange building off to the right and we proceeded to explore. It was obviously some type of public building. We got up the nerve to go inside and discovered it was a huge olympic size swimming pool. It had been built for the olympics sometime in the past. Since we had gone four days without a bath it took little persuasion to get our suits and return. Our experience thus far had been that bath's cost about \$1.00 in most pensions. We had been washing up extremely well in the sink. We canceled our proposed trip to the Dolders. The Dolders was a pool with man made waves etc. We spent about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours relaxing in the pool. Jeff jumped from the high board and received a good headache. We were due for a short rest. We strolled back to the pension and bought some black cherries. I didn't realize that one Kilo is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times a pound. No wonder everything seemed so expensive.

After a rest and laundering some clothes we again ate at the Silberkugel and then stuck out for old Zurich. This area is very quaint, much like Heidelberg. There were a lot of platz's and Piazza's, surrounded by 16th century houses. Many of the houses are painted with various designs and scenes. Every street gave us something new. It seemed that everywhere we turned we were coming upon new and exciting things. We didn't settle in that night until after 10:00. It was very frustrating. Linda and I hadn't had an evening to ourselves as we were too exhausted to go out once the "kinder" were asleep. As a matter of fact I usually passed out before they did.

WEDNESDAY * June 20

Zurich to Brig by car

We arose the usual time and had a good breakfast - jam on the plate- then on the bread. The maid from Spain chatted with us and assured us that we would love Spain. Seville is her city. She also tried to find Jeff's Pluto, no luck. I believe that we all remember her fondly. We tramped about the six blocks to Avis and there was our light green Seat.

I was scared. The traffic was frightening as a pedestrian, what about driving? We held our breath, got in the car and away we went. Our first test was the traffic circle around the Bahnhof. No problems. However, we missed the turnoff to the Pension and maneuvered a couple of side streets. We stopped, and loaded the car. Jeff threw a tantrum because he wanted his Pluto or for us to buy him another one. He eventually calmed down.

Just as we got packed it started to rain. For three days it either rained or snowed. After about the first 30 miles, we discovered that the car leaked. We threw a raincoat over the suitcases. We decided when we left that we would avoid the main streets. You guessed it. A wrong turn and we went straight down the Bahnhofstrasse. There were no problems and fortunately we made a right turn at the bottom. We headed out along the lake. It was beautiful, even in the rain. The map showed some short cuts to the road to Luzerne, and we headed down through the valley. We stopped at a service station to have the air checked in the tires. I guess small cars just ride rough. The attendant was friendly. We did a lot of motioning to get across what we wanted. It was like a small country store.

The ride was pleasant and we became familiar with Pepe, our new car. The roadsigns are readable and I hoped that the international signs would be accepted here. We quickly discovered that in Europe one has to watch the traffic from the right. They take the fact that they have the right away seriously. We arrived in Luzerne in a pouring rain. We followed along the lake until we reached the central city. There was a parking lot at the foot of the business area and we drove around for some time looking for a spot. The side streets are super narrow and driving very difficult, not unlike chinatown in New York. We finally found a meter. Then we had the task of sorting out centimes and interpreting the instructions on the meter.

The first stop was a small souvenir shop. The kids had learned, but they forgot that if they looked as though they were touching something the clerk would go "hisst" warning them not to touch. There were a lot of clocks and Swiss cowbells, etc. We came away with a couple of packages of Alpine flower seeds. We never thought about the U.S. Department of Agriculture regulations. (A sidelight - No one was able to tell us how "Reg. in Penna." got around the world.) We were hungry. Linda was told that the department stores Epa, Migros, and Jelmoli's had excellent food. The rain let up however, and we went for a walk instead. We crossed the famed covered bridge in Luzerne. The bridge is lovely and unique in that about every ten feet, in the supports, there are elaborate and old style paintings. I don't know the name of the painter, or the scenes. The kids looked for fish and Linda looked for a Pansy Pin she has wanted for a long time. She saw the pin

in Switzerland when she was 12 years old. Bonanza- In a shop in the middle of the bridge she found the pins. After much stewing and deciding on the size, she decided not to buy them. We never saw the pins again. A stroll down the opposite bank, a panicky search for a bathroom, a bottle of pop and we were on our way again. Why is it that mild, fruit juice (apple and grape), and things that are healthy are so much cheaper in Europe than the pop and trash that Americans love? We also noticed that kids are welcome in most places that serve beer and wine.

The central city was very crowded and it was raining again. We elected to eat in Migros. This was a challenge and we had to ask several people for directions - whew, that was a problem. Fortunately the store had a cafeteria and we were able to select our own food. Delicious chicken and far more food than we could eat. It was inexpensive also. There were no seats available so we sat on a ledge near a stand-up counter. What a relief? We shared our spot with a tour group from New Zealand and Australia. The person across from me was a sheep farmer from New Zealand. He talked about the good times down under. He felt the U.S. dollar was solid and that they were currently suffering the pangs of the sinking dollar with the rest of us.

On our way out, we decided to get Jeff a watch at Epa. They would not cash a travelers check. Linda and the kids stayed at Epa while I tried to locate a bank. The clerk spoke English (slightly) but didn't tell us the banks were closed until 2:00. This meant a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour wait. We received about 3 Swiss Francs to the dollar - it should have been 4. Jeff was thrilled with the

watch. It had a calender plus other neat features. Luzerne was superb.

We got into Pepe and headed South toward Geneva. About 30 or 40 miles down the road another road turned off to the left -Grimsel Pass. Little did we know. The rain let up for a while. The sign at the bottom (on a gate) indicated that the pass was open. We climbed through spectacularly beautiful country. We looked back on a picturebook town setting on the lake, with a mist rising all around. Heidi had nothing on this. You could see her leaping from rock to rock going up the mountain-side with her grandfather. The Brown Swiss cows with the old famous Swiss cowbells are everywhere. The road narrowed and rained some more. We were now following a truck. Every hundred yards or so there was a turnout so that traffic could pass. Some turns became so sharp that the truck had to back-up to negotiate the turns. It was difficult to manuever in a new car with which I was not familiar. Stopping and starting on sharp, steep switchbacks was a problem and we occasionally received toots from behind. Finally the fog socked in and we crept upwards, above the tree line. There were sharp drops on one side. That was not enough, it started to sleet and snow. Anne lay down in the back and tried to sleep. Mom was worried. Jeff, Nathan, and I found it exciting. Finally we crawled up to the top. What a relief! There was a small restaurant and hostel. Another bathroom stop, a coke, hot chocolate hit the spot. I insisted on buying some postcards. I couldn't see the scenery so we needed the cards in order to know "Grimsel".

We left the top of the pass in 4" plus of snow and sleet. The fog was not so thick and in about two miles, after the 1st or 2nd switchback the snow was gone. Shortly after we intersected with a main highway and we were off for Brig. The old wooden log buildings were fascinating and we never did find out whether they were houses, stables, or both, houses above and stable below. It was a very pleasant swift ride into Brig. Our 1st goal was to find a room. We came in through the North, circled the Bahnhof and went out of town to a suburb, Gliss. There was a small hotel on the right. Linda checked it out. They had a room, but Linda wanted to try further up the road. We went on for about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile. That place was shoddy and expensive. After much discussion we returned to Gliserallee and Frau Baumann. Linda and I previously agreed. I would suffer the driving and she would negotiate the rooms.

Frau Baumann initially said that she was closed but with a little persuasion she gave us a room - but no meals. We agreed, at her suggestion to try the restaurant in the railroad station.

This was another adventure. It was about 8:00 and there were not many people. The waiter was initially annoyed as we needed water, etc. After much pondering we had ravioli, wienerli mit brot and kraut, speigeleir, and more wienerli. There was a decided move to Italian dishes on this menu. The kids ordered milk, but the globs of cream did them in. The waiter cheered up with the tip.

It was raining, so we returned to the hotel. The kids were down and finally after about one week, the oldsters were out on the town. That meant sharing a couple of bier with Frau

Baumann. Despite our limited language it was very pleasant. She informed us that the Grimsel had had 8" of snow and that the pass was closed. Tomorrow would be Corpus Christi Day, and the laundry would be closed. There would be a big parade from downtown to the church and it would pass right by Glisserallee. There was a very funny exchange between Linda and Frau Baumann over the Machinica or Washing machine. We hadn't done laundry for one week and we were in trouble.

During the rain and before returning to the hotel we decide to fill the gas tank. We pulled up to a Shell station down the block from the pension. The attendant came out and I discovered the tank is locked. The attendant was angry and retired to wait inside the station. After much discussion and annoyance I finally realized what he was telling me. I finally trudged out, unlocked the cap and got back in the car. The attendant, though grumbling all the time, finally filled the tank. He didn't take a U.S. Shell credit card either. After returning to the room we did a minimal amount of laundry and spread it around the room.

THURSDAY * JUNE 21 - Zermatt and Saas Fee

We awoke to a pleasant surprise. We were socked in by mountains and the snow has fallen to near our level - breathtaking. There should be a great view of the Matterhorn. Curt, a young lad from California checked into the pension and he was so lonely that he spent the day with us. After breakfast we started our laundry in earnest. The maid shoo'd us into the bathroom and Frau Baumann tells us it will take us all day by hand. She offered to do it in the machine. She told us we should go on the Zermatt.

Well, the parade was at 10:00. We walked downtown and every one was gathered in the square. There were speeches, etc. and

a very elaborate parade started out. It was lead by clergy with a large canopy. This was followed by rows of young girls dressed in white with veils, and several other specialties. The procession was quite solemn.

About 11:00 we were on our way with Pepe and Curt. It was about a one hour drive to Tkach, the end of the road on the way to Zermatt. The road from Visp to Tkach is steep and as we switchback^{ed} our way through town we were temporarily halted by another procession. We continued to climb as the snowline crept down. Tkach ^{was} breathtakingly beautiful. There were a few of the old log buildings, but there were a sizeable number of new resort type homes also. We located a small type restaurant and it was a gourmet's delight. Curt ordered a plate and no one knew what would be on it. It turned out to be an excellant selection of cold meats. Linda ordered a superb Welsh Rarebit on toast type of meal with Swiss style cheese. (Cheeses were far superior and someone pointed out that cheeses can be processed without being pasteurized.) The rest of us were typical, chicken and speigeleir.

After some discussion we parked the car and began the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile trek to Zermatt. Anne protested and wanted to take the train. There was a lot of discussion and grumbling. The trail follows partway up the mountain above the zug. Nathan picked several alpine flowers and Jeff took pictures of the waterfalls. Anne grumbled about not taking the train. Actually this $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile hike was a highlight. We passed several goatherders huts and the Gronegat and mountains were stupendous. It was easy to quench our thirst as there were plenty of patches of new fallen snow. The temperature was in the low 60's.

We finally spotted Zermatt and we wound our way down. The old charm was apparently gone. Now there are many new modern homes and hotels. Residents are able to park their cars on the outskirts of town. The transportation in town is by horse and wagon. We walked. Just as we entered town it began to rain. Carl found an inexpensive hotel and planned to return the next day. Everyone was grumbling and we found something to eat. The possibilities for hikes in the surrounding mountains were numerous. Linda was lucky, we couldn't do it. The weather had socked in and they had even stopped the cable car to the Gronegat. We had planned on hiking back to Tkach. However, we spent time soaking in the commercialism. We did visit a museum dedicated to a famous English Mountain climber, his name escapes me. After about an hour I yielded and we bought return tickets to Tkach - about 4:00.

We returned to Visp. Being in charge of the trip, by virtue of driving, I took a sharp right turn towards Saas Fee. The climb was sharper and steeper, and the valley narrower than the trip to Zermatt. In the last two or three miles we saw plenty of snow. It was really a fairland. The drive was as spectacular as the trip to Zermatt and if you are investing the time and energy to hit Zermatt, try this valley also.

The trip home was uneventful. However, as soon as we entered the Glisserallee, Frau Baumann informed us that shortly after hanging our laundry on the line it started to rain. She had scattered our laundry all over the pension-- on the railings, in the bathrooms, in our room, etc. The dampness of the day had done little to help the drying. Frau Baumann was a dear and had really gone above and beyond the call of duty.

We sorted out a few dry things and let the rest of our undies on display. It was now dinner time so we tried the Banhof again. They were not overly courteous as usual. This time Anne tried ravioli Bolognese. This turned out to be Ravioli in a chicken soup broth and Anne didn't like it. It wasn't Chef Boyardee. For 1½ weeks, wherever we ate Anne wanted Ravioli. She also wanted me, with my limited German and Italian, to ask the waiters what kind of ravioli it was. Finally we hit the sack -- we're exhausted.

FRIDAY - JUNE 22 BRIG - LUGANO - CHIASSO

Another rainy day. It dampened the spirits somewhat. We would have a long drive, destination - Venezia, or as Nathan said - Venice. We had our second experience at the grocery. We bought cheese and cold cuts for lunch. This was the first modern shopping center- it was fun to browse. Here we noticed a curious European custom. No one bought sacks and sacks of groceries. Most people only purchased 2 or 3 dollars worth of groceries at a time. We had several answers to this practice. Refrigeration is not wide spread, it's a social custom to meet friends at the grocery at least once a day, Europeans' cook many more dishes from fresh foods, etc. We also noted that bags - if available are not free, but in Brig cost several centimes. We discovered 2 places on the trip where they didn't supply bags at all.

One thing that surprised us - many things that are free in the United States cost money. Prime examples were road maps, baths, and bags at the grocery. Most people have their own bags. After the grocery we spent a few minutes at the tourist bureau. The clerk indicated that she never travels the Grimsel - it's

too dangerous. The Simplon is a major highway and she assured us we would have no problems. We chose Lugano and Locarno over St. Moritz.

The trip over the mountains was quite spectacular but uneventful. The rain had returned. Passing through the Italian customs was simple and we crossed a very narrow neck of Italy-Domasodolla. We ran into our 1st grape growing region of the trip. The road changed dramatically between here and Lugano. It was very narrow with pull-out's every 100 yards or so. The road followed a narrow canyon until we dropped dramatically into Lugano (Ticino - Italian speaking Switzerland). We also became lost in Italy and became familiar with Italian road signs. They don't point directly to the highway our should take- but are kind of timid and point on a diagonal between the two roads. If you are lucky the signs might lean slightly to the correct highway.

The difference in people from Germany and Deutsch speaking Switzerland, and Italian speaking Switzerland is phenomenal. The general atmosphere was far more relaxed and congenial. Lugano was a pleasant surprise. We parked on the lake and walked into town. The rain had only let up slightly. The palm trees were waving and the red tile roofs ^{were} ~~are~~ prevalent. It was a far cry from the stereotyped pictures of Switzerland. It was subtropical and Italian speaking. We spent a couple of hours shopping. There was a large shopping arcade. Anne bought a bird whistle and Nathan bought a small cow bell. We also purchased postcards, etc. We witnessed our first automobile accident - a small fenderbender. Thank God it was not me. We had received a list of pensions at the travel office in Brig

and Bellinzona seemed a likely spot to stay. However, it was early and Linda wanted to press on to the Swiss-Italian border.

We arrived in Chiasso - no place to stay. We decided that we had to use our Swiss Currency so we chose not to cross into Italy until the next day.

Linda directed me up a steep hill and down a street that appeared to go out into the country. By accident we pulled into a place - Zimmer, Chambre, and Albergo. Albergo is the Italian word for hotel. It looked a little "shady" right on the street. However, it was spotless. The owner was a very pleasant middle-aged lady who took Linda and Anne under her arms. She gave them a brief lesson in Italian. "Chiuso" is closed - "abierto" is open. The room is up 3 flights and it was quite clean. It was painted a deep blue. However, the view from the window is magnificent as it overlooked a ravine and into the hills beyond. The kids finally had a good thorough bath.

Finally Linda and I were able to join the family and friends around the T.V. set. They were watching English Rock and Roll singers. I guess I finally began to feel a little less like an outsider.

SATURDAY * JUNE 23

Chiasso, Switzerland to Verona, Italy

We got an early start. After breakfast, and on our way to customs we discovered the "schlissel". As a kind gesture we drove back to the hotel and returned the keys. The lady was thrilled. She threw her arms around me, patted Linda on the head and was very warm to the "Bambini". Prego, Prego, Prego.

We were off to Italy. We had no Lira and it was Saturday morning. No one knew what was ahead. We passed through Lake Como and around the southern end of the lake to Lecca. Italian drivers were mad, and I was in a tailspin about the whole new process. We parked illegally near an exciting market on the shores of Lake Como. Eventually, I found a legal spot. Linda looked longingly at inexpensive leather bags and Anne bought wooden clogs.

Then began a frantic search for money. There were no banks open. A gentleman, who spoke English gave us directions to an open travel agency. It was a mad dash, but we made it. It was difficult to ask directions though so we had to go by feel. After a pleasant stop for ice cream and pop, and by noon we were on our way. We gradually left the mountains and entered a broad plain. We passed along the bottom of several small lakes. Padova (Padua) seemed like a likely destination.

In some obscure town, with numerous lake resorts we discovered the stand up and/or stoop porcelain toilet. We stopped for pop (coca-cola and/or mineral acqua). Linda went to the bathroom and came back giggling. Then all the kids had to go. I couldn't miss the fun. The wash-outs are gone along with their blue willow-tree pattern and so is the coarse toilet paper. Now we had a porcelain slab, with the shape of two feet beside a small hole. Good luck. By the way, it overflows when it was flushed.

It was about two in the afternoon and we headed East. We passed through Brescia, Bergamo, and finally Verona. The road traversed endless grape country and was straight and narrow. It was lined on either side by a single row of large

evenly spaced trees.

I had forgotten much of Shakespeare, "Two Gentlemen from Verona", "Romeo and Juliet, etc. The road went through town and we couldn't miss it. It was about 4:00 when we entered a bridge. The river was unknown, probably the "Po". We stopped for a light at the end of the bridge. The green right arrow came on and I started to make a right turn. However, I noticed a barrage of traffic from the left. I pressed the brakes - crunch*- the car behind me tailended us. A few swear words and a state of panic and I got out of the car to face the wild Italian. A quick review of the situation and we all agreed that no damage had been done. As I was climbing back into the car, a slight tap on my shoulder began one hour of the most unique experiences that we had on the trip.

The gentleman pointed out that he had broken my tail-light. After 15 minutes of handsignaling, gesturing, and trying to communicate we reached a decision. My experience.

- a. I don't want to get involved with the police.
- b. The other driver had been drinking and I don't fully trust him.
- c. Assurances that my insurance coverage is adequate and that the car belonged to Avis were impossible.
- d. Finally I realized that he wanted to pay for the damage. He asked how much it would cost. My experience with Lira and the Italian laborer was very limited.
- e. Through several signals Jeff and Linda interpreted that he wanted us to follow him to the Fiat garage. We were off. A quiet drive through Verona brought us to the Fiat garage.

It was Saturday afternoon and closed. The manager was there however, and he indicated that the damage was about 2,000 Lira. There were 600 Lira to the dollar. Our friend had nothing smaller than a 10,000 Lira bill. Now what! Well, any good Italian gentleman who wanted to maintain his honor took me - the wife and kids stayed in the car - across the street to the local bar. He tried to push me into a glass of vino, and I nodded my head now and then as he was obviously telling the bartender about the accident. I had a cup of cafe espresso.

Finally we returned. (about 15 minutes.) to the car. He gave me the Lira and we shook hands. Excusez and we were ready to leave. Not Linda!. She had our foreign language guide book and tried to get directions to a pension. After another 15 minutes, with the help of the mechanic we communicated. Our friend indicated that we should follow him. We were off again. 2 or 3 km. out of town he pulled into a very attractive pension. We entered and there was wine for everyone. The room only cost \$8 or \$9 for the night. One disturbing feature. After the bar closed it was impossible to go outside as they locked the door to the entryway to the rooms. They also took off the knobs on the tubs so you could not take a bath unless you were willing to pay the price. One of the lights did not work either, but I felt it was pleasant. The only problem, 5 people in 4 beds was at times a problem.

Our friend tried to leave. Linda was not going to give up that easily. She asked where we could eat. He indicated at the Pension. NO, No, the kids wanted Pizza on their 1st night in Italy. After another round of discussion he told us to follow him. We were back in the center of Verona, near the

scene of the accident. It was a good inexpensive pizza parlor. He left quickly. The meal was good.

Verona had several other surprises before we left. After the pizza - about 6:00 p.m. we started our return to the pension. In the center of town we saw a parade. Linda and the kids decided to shop for groceries and I caught the tail-end of another religious procession. Several blocks away I made a sharp right turn and within two blocks I discovered a bonanza. The whole Roman Empire opened up in the piazza. There was an ancient colesseum , city hall, fantastic art, etc. It was quite thrilling. With a little persuasion Linda and the kids returned to view it with me. It was a pleasant unexpected treat.

Oh, we discovered that one way to discourage patrons from taking a bath without paying the fee is to remove the handle on the hot water faucet. They also locked us in for the night. I assume there was another exit, but I never found it.

SUNDAY - JUNE 24

Verona, Padua, and Venice

After a hearty breakfast - rolls, hot chocolate, tea, etc. - we turned eastward towards Venice. We chose to shun the autostrada. I was able to drive freeways in the states. We passed through Padova (Padua) and the temptation to stop was nearly overwhelming. Crowds of people were converging on the municipal stadium for a soccer game. (We learned that later.) Linda was not a sports enthusiast and we had a goal of Venice. I was very nervous. I understood that you can't drive in the city. It was necessary to park in a lot on the edge of the city. I anticipated price gouging, etc. As we neared the city

things eased up a little and traffic was not so bad. Before entering the city there was a long bridge. All of a sudden there were hundreds of people in the roadway, hitching rides. Several passenger trains passed jammed with people waving red flags and banners. I didn't know whether to stop or go. A large bus was bearing down on us and decision was made. I pulled around the crowd and headed for Venice. We soon discovered that there was a huge communist rally in Venice, 2 million people or more. Also, the Bolshoi had been in town the night before.

We were directed into a parking lot. No trouble, only anxiety about leaving our car here for three days. An agent in the tourist booth located us a room for \$20 per night. We had counted on Italy being cheaper. The agent also expressed his disdain for the communist that were coming to town. We bought our tickets on the ferry, 3500 Lira or about \$4.00 and we were off to San Marcos.

The views were breathtaking and the trip uneventful but exciting. Linda was very teary as the boat pulled into the dock at San Marcos. We hoisted our suitcases and headed for the hotel Caneva. It was virtually impossible to get into San Marco square as it was jammed with people. We found some side streets and with the help of other American tourists we found the Caneva. The route to the hotel went along several canals and through a very busy tourists section. We were exhausted by the time we were home. We went down several small deserted streets and through a small tunnel where the urine smell was overwhelming. The Caneva however, was very charming.

While checking in at the hotel the kids discovered that three steps down the door opened onto the canal and that we could order our own water taxi. The room had a window fronting on the canal and we could spend hours watching the boats, gondolas, etc. One must sacrifice quiet for charm. While we were resting the kids explored the hotel. They were gone for a while and they came back into the room full of giggles. They ran to the window, looked out and then disappeared again. Finally, unable to control myself any longer, I asked them what they were doing. They were flushing the toilet to see if it ran into the canal.

It was still early Sunday afternoon by the time we had the energy to move again. We walked through several tunnels and discovered the Rialto Bridge across the Grand Canal. This was great. There were many souvenir shops and fascinating things. Murano glass objects seemed to be a major tourists item. We decided to go for a walk and headed across the city. The streets were narrow sidewalks with flowers hanging from all the balconies. We stopped and watched an artisan (glass-blower) at work. Finally the kids were engrossed in something. It was almost impossible to draw them away as the artisan heated the glass and bent and turned it into beautiful shapes.

Not far away was a welcome pop-stop in a piazza. Venice was not very clean. There was little grass and fewer trees. A little further on we came to another piazza with a large blue horse and several booths to enroll the communists from Verona. After being totally exhausted we reached the railroad station and another major tourists area. After gawking in all the tourists shops we tried dinner. Only American tourists would eat at 6:00 like we did.

We have a very charming table right on the Grande Canal. Our waiter^{was} fishing off the porch as we were the only customers. Jeff got very brave and tried the fish. Anne and Nathan tried the pasta. This was the scene of Linda's goof! The waiter seemed pleasant - but Linda didn't understand the bill and took him to task. He had a few choice words about Americans and then proceeded to point out that he had overlooked the service charge for the children. It cost us 500 lira. We were brave and rode the water bus back to the Rialto. (8 cents per person) Although we were exhausted we took a quick turn around San Marco square.

Exhausted we rested at the hotel. Strains of music suddenly wafted up to our room. We rushed to the window as 7 or 8 gondolas, with 2 accordionists and a soloists, and plenty of tourist passed beneath the window. You couldn't have stereo-typed Venice better. The shops were intriguing. We discovered that the Venetian glass is mostly from the island of Murano.

MONDAY, JUNE 24

The next day we started with not so hearty breakfast in the hotel. Rolls, coffee, and hot chocolate. An American family was next to us. They were on their way to Trieste. They did a lot of complaining about the dishonesty of the Italians. I never noticed this trait. After an extensive conversation with the concierge we found the bank and the post office. This experience is always an adventure in each new country. Again we passed through the urine soaked tunnel. Nathan nearly fell into the canal. We decided to spend another day in Venice.

While in San Marco Square we wandered around and looked at the cathedral and the other famous buildings. A gentleman with a wooden platform in front of him was selling corn to feed the pigeons. We bought some for the kids and we spent a lot of time trying to get the pigeons to light on their hands. With the help of the vendor and a lot of patience Anne finally made it. With more stern persuasion we tore the kids away and boarded the ferry for the Lido. This is a long narrow island across from Venice. Traffic was permitted so we had to watch the streets. The ferry went north along the coast and passed a lovely park. Then it crossed the bay. After leaving the boat we crossed the 6-8 blocks to the Adriatic.

There were numerous quick "ristorante" places. We also bought a lot of cheese and fruit in a grocery. Supermarkets were fun. Linda was determined to find a free beach. She refused to pay the minimal fee when we reached the shore. The matron was quite annoyed as she directed us up the coast. We walked, and walked and walked. We were chased out of the "hospitale". How did we know? Finally we gave in and paid the fee at one of the many bath houses. Apparently there was no public beach. The customs on the beaches were intriguing. There were only a handful of people on the beach, but there were hundreds of colorful "cabanas". These were stripped tents with an overhang where everyone was sitting. Nevertheless we thoroughly enjoyed the gentle surf of the Adriatic and the beach. Another noteworthy point was the fact that all the boys and men were kicking a soccerball around. This seemed true wherever we went.

Finally after several hours we headed back. There was pizza and sandwiches at the "ristorante". A quick trip back

and we were in San Marco square and the pigeons. Several restaurants had their bands and orchestras playing. It was early to bed as we headed south the next day.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

Venice to San Marino

We were again up early. We went to the bank and bought several glass trinkets. I also bought a set of wine glasses. After being broke we decided to save money and take the water-bus. The Grande-Canal is lined with ancient palaces and old gracious homes. It was a fitting farewell. Linda spent her time with two American hippies getting names of hotels in various places that we would be visiting. They tore out several pages of \$10?day, but we never did use them. There also was an American of Yugoslav background who tried to persuade us to try the Yugoslav Riviera. We considered it because of the cost but really our hearts were not in it.

By mistake, we got off at the railroad station. It was very gracious with huge steps going to the water. We got our suitcases and headed along the canal. After $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile we found a spot where there were a lot of people swimming in the polluted canal. We could not cross, and so with our heavy suitcases we started back with a lot of reststops. We crossed the Grande canal and spent an hour at the Italian Motor Club - buying gasoline coupons - a 15% savings for tourists. Finally about 11:00, with a full tank of gas, we left charming Venice. We headed across the causeway and south along the Adriatic. Luckily we hit several towns along the way at siesta time. There was no traffic and as long as we had a full tank of gas. we were O.K. We had lunch in a small restaurant with a lot of

"color" - more drunks than anything else.

By the time we reached Rimini we had our eye on the gas tank, but we made. The Italians take siesta seriously and most things close up tight. Rimini is an Italian resort town - but we didn't visit it as our goal was San Marino, 25 km. distant. The guidebooks all recommended staying in Rimini but we decided to chance it. As we drove inland we noticed a huge rock. As we got closer we noticed the walls of San Marino and indeed, it was a tiny country built on a rock. Although they speak Italian and use the Lira, the country is indeed an independent principality. We started to climb and passed a lot of Mediterranean or Southern Italy style buildings with red tile roofs, etc. Finally we parked at the top of rock, just past the entrance to the walled part of the city.

Once inside the gate, Linda decided the first task was to find accommodations. She stopped at the first hotel and discovered that the owner was an American born of Italian descent. He had been raised in Brooklyn and had finally returned to San Marino. After the negotiations we had a room for \$8.00 more in line with our budget. Although it was noisy it overlooked the main street. There were no cars on the streets inside the walled city. The meals were good and were added to the bill.

San Marino is very unique. It's a major tourists attraction - particularly German. Many of the restaurants and quick food stands featured Bratwurst, etc. The town is one long tourists haven. It was about one mile long with two or three switchbacks of souvenir shops. At the top was the fortress and the wall. We walked along the wall as far as we could and the views were breathtaking. Back at the hotel and dinner. Initially it looked

like a good spot for a full days stay but we soon realized that we had exhausted the total experience.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

SAN MARINO TO FLORENCE

In the morning we settled the bill - after a squabble. Linda was always sure she was being taken. We were in the wrong this time. We carried our luggage to the car and then headed up the hill for a last view and also Xmas card pictures. About 11 we headed out, destination Florence.

It was very hot and our water bottles were soon hot also. I was amazed at the terrain. We went through a lot of hilly country and a lot of wilderness. I hadn't anticipated this in Italy. After two hours of driving we stopped at a "Ristorante" & Albergo spot in Sarsina. We bought bottled water and cokes. Several elderly ladies were playing cards in the shade and it seemed that during siesta everyone in Italy played cards.

After Sarsina the road climbed steeply and after the Rome turnoff we entered very rugged mountains. This area was South of Bologna. For the next 2 or 3 hours there were numerous stops for mountainous views. We passed few towns or cars. Without being aware of it we were suddenly on the edge of Florence.

We had no street map, it was rush hour and help! We stopped at a little candy, grocery, and soda shop on the edge of the city. The proprietors were very helpful. After $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour or more we learned how to use the phone. Linda had discovered the name of a hotel in the AA book. It had swimming pool and all. She had the phone number. First, you buy a token. Then you dial the number and as soon as the other party answers you drop in the token. We only lost 2 tokens. Finally the proprietor

dialed and got the hotel. Hurray! they spoke English. We got the room confirmation but no directions, only that it was near the autostrada. The scene that followed in the store would have made a good Lucy-Desi routine.

The owner could only direct us by the Gran Via. This he did with much gesturing and patience. We were off! We decided to follow the signs to Pisa. After a hairy trip it worked. We got lost on several traffic circles. At one point I made three attempts to get into the circle and off at the right exit. We made it. We checked into an American Style hotel with a pool on the roof. That was really great.

The concierge assured us that buses run regularly into town unless they suddenly go on strike. We decided that in no way would we take the car downtown. There are other small factors, like we had 3 beds in the room and are only to use 2. We tried to cheat, but it showed up on the bill later. Everyone was delighted with the pool and real-honest-to-goodness Americans.

Later we risked a bus strike and for 8¢ we headed for city center and dinner. There was considerable confusion about how to flag the bus. With the help of a matronly lady and $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour we discovered the method -- fancy handsignals and the right spot.

The buses were unique. They had very narrow seats on the edge and plenty of standing room.. We got off at the railroad station. We discovered that railroad restaurants are good and cheap. We ordered chicken and Ravioli - chef-boy-ardee style. We then went for a walk. We discovered the "Duomo" and other wonders of Florence. It was really foreign and pleasant. We also exchanged funds.

During this time we had a lengthy discussion with 2 American girls. They were very angry at Rome and Italian men. They had

found them vulgar. They spoke obscenities, tried to pull their bathing suits off in the water, asked them to bed, etc. I don't know what was wrong with Linda - she never related such incidents. We caught the last bus home and the kids retired early. Linda and I went out to a little store and had a drink.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

After a leisurely breakfast - toast, coffee and hot chocolate for a \$1 per person. The hotel really not expensive unless you get taken here. We didn't discover the cost until the next morning. After a leisurely start we took the bus downtown and began our walking tour. The first stop was the "Duomo". We fed the pigeons and took the kids pictures by the horse and buggies. The kids got scared - but Jeff timidly got close enough. The horse swiftly turned his head and nipped at the kids. After $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour or so we spied the "Black Steer". We wandered over and for 150 Lira we were sold huge glasses of fruit. This dessert had watermelon, strawberries, and cantalope soaked in lemonade. On a very hot day it hit the spot. They also sold pizza and sandwiches of all varieties. We also stopped for sandwiches at a small stand.

We proceeded East through the narrow streets. We made a quick swing through the market place and passed the Uffizi. Linda insisted on one art museum in Florence but not that one. There was a large piazza with a sports arena and lots of statues, replicas of the great works such as "David". We bought a small statue. The kids still giggled at the nudity. By the way, was he nude? He has a shawl over his shoulder. Surprise! We crossed the Arno River and the Ponte Vecchio with its numerous stalls. We made a right turn and in a short walk we were at the Pitti

Palace. We pay a small fee and Jeff fell in love with his first painting - a gory display by Titian. The elaborateness of the palace and masterpieces were indeed impressive. At siesta time we decided to stroll leisurely to the park and hoped that we could rent bikes. However, we visited the giardino behind the palace first. It was immaculate and very impressive. There were many statues and gardens plus a sweeping view of downtown Florence and the "Duomo".

We headed toward the river and got lost. This provided an excellent opportunity to catch a glimpse of daily living. We ended-up near a housing project and a small park, not a tourist type. The kids played on the playground equipment for a while. Since we were lost we found a small bar. It was a good break on a very hot afternoon. The kids and I watched some fellows on the pinball machines. Linda had an animated discussion about Florence.

We then were directed to the park along the Arno. We strolled along the river and crossed the bridge. We watched a huge school of carp-goldfish in the river and dashed quickly through the heavy traffic. Pedestrians and motorists take their lives in their own hands at such points. While seeking the bicycle rental we became lost. We took several two block strolls asking for the "Bicicletta". Most people merely looked strangely at us. It was a huge park, stretching for what seemed several blocks inland and for 2 miles long. We found the bicycle man, a very kindly old man. The bicycles were all in a sad state of repair. Italian patience with children is incredible. The kids select one and the gentleman takes it down, they change their mind. I'm very irritated with the kids but the man is

undisturbed and quite willing to switch. Linda also went cycling with the kids. I took my part of the rental fee to buy a beer and sit in the shade waiting. The family was gone about 10 minutes when they returned. Linda was very concerned because she had a flat tire. She told the owner. He laughed and sent her on.

After an hour break we walked back to the black steer for dinner. We then caught the bus to the hotel. We were advised to fill our gas tank that evening as the next day is a holiday. Indeed, we saw only a few open stations on Friday. We used the pool, relaces, watched a little T.V. and hit the hay.

FRIDAY - JUNE 29

FLORENCE TO CHIASSO

We got up about 9 and had breakfast of toast, hot chocolate, tea, and coffee. Then the jolt. We settled the bill. Our breakfast, meager as it was - \$1/person. The bill, 27,000 Lira. We grumbled, but there wasn't much we could do. Our bargain went down the drain. We got into the car and headed for Pisa. It was a pleasant 1-2 hour drive and very uneventful. We came into Pisa and there were no signs to the leaning tower. Linda suggested that we drive around and out of the blue we bumped into it. Signs to the city center will often work wonders. We found a parking place a block or two away. We took a pleasant stroll among the souvenir stands and shops. We finally came to a huge open area -- lot's of grass. The tower is to the North and to the South is the large "duomo". We paid our fee and climbed to the top. Have you ever been in a winding, very narrow stairway with no windows and it's on a slant? The kids and all were quite involved and interested.

On the way back to the car we passed a very crowded sandwich shop. We waited patiently and bought some good Italian sandwiches, mineral water and soda. We tried eating in the car but I suggested eating at what I thought was a nice park. We strolled through the gate- no one said anything. We found a pleasant bench and finished our meal. I'm not sure how we discovered it but again we were on the grounds of the "hospitale". The hospitals certainly had pleasant grounds around them. Pisa was probably a very interesting city. But time was fleeting and Linda wanted to stay in Rapallo- where she had stayed with her parents on a previous trip.

We headed west and I was amazed that on the edge of town we hit the North-South road and that Pisa is a coastal city. We headed toward's France. The first major town was La Spiezza. It was siesta time. After leaving La Spiezza the traffic became very heavy. We were on a broad coastal plain but soon the mountains crept to the shore. The cars were bumper to bumper. I panicked about finding a room, so over the families protest I pulled into a little hotel advertising "albergo". We had just passed the beach and started up a steep hill. I pulled off the edge of the road at a rather uninviting looking hotel. It was a real find.

The "concierge", an elderly lady was very friendly. She had a room and to reach it we started down a long stairway. All the thoughts of a cellar room. I was amazed. We finally entered a fairly attractive room that had a picture window and balcony overlooking a very attractive garden and the Mediterranean sea in the background. It was only about 4:00. We rested and after a little discussion we determined that it was about one kilometer

to the beach. We got our clothes and over Linda's protest we headed down the hill. It was very steep with sidewalks - no roads- and very narrow. It was possible to see through into the courtyards and a very few shops. At the bottom of the hill we found a pleasant small park. The only drawback was a smelly "pissoir" . A brief walk through downtown and we found ourselves on a fairly long, rocky beach. This beach was very hard on the feet. We spent a lot of time swimming. There was a very mild surf. There were also lots of crabs scurrying on the rocks. These rocks were on a slice of land that jutted into the sea. The kids and I spent a lot of time out there. Lots of kids were fishing.

After an hour or so we headed back. It seemed a long way and we got lost. Eventually we reached the top. We had dinner - a very delicious chicken dinner. There was a bottle of wine on every table. Each family had the same table at every meal and the unfinished wine remained for you. After dinner we met with the other guests in the courtyard. Everyone was busy talking rapidly (is there any other way) in Italian so we walked out. There was a fireworks display which we were able to observe from the top of the stairs. It was a very pleasant evening.

SATURDAY - JUNE 30th

Chiasso to Nice

$\frac{1}{4}$ of the trip was down. We left in the morning. We didn't make Rapallo before because of the traffic. We also didn't stop at Portofino - a supposedly very picturesque town.

We left the hotel and immediately we were in a sharp curve and steep hill. For the next hour or so we are on a very mountainous, wild type of road that winds between the mountains

and the sea. The road was also squeezed between the autostrada and the sea. At one point we saw a small mountain village perched on a mountaintop. Sure enough, our road wound its way past this town. Finally we passed over the autostrada and near Genoa. In no way was I going to drive through this metropolis of over one million. I had had it in Florence. I yielded to the autostrada - which has to be one of the most remarkable engineering feats in the world. For miles the road alternates between $\frac{1}{2}$ mile stretches of tunnels and bridges over deep gorges. Traffic was very fast and there was usually a little sports car on our tail - that was to make us relax. Shortly after Genoa, Savanna we left the freeway and traveled bumper to bumper along the coast. At one point we stopped at an autostrada restaurant which could also be reached by the highway. It was amazingly similar to our turnpike restaurants in the United States.

We stopped early in the afternoon at a small town, maybe Allassia or Imperia. After a search for parking we strolled down a Mexican type street with its shops and restaurants. We had lunch in a very colorful somewhat primitive type of restaurant. Very pretty with flowers etc. Jeff ordered a big plate of Mussels. (That was the year that cholera broke out in Italy and was traced to mussels.) We spent an hour in this town and continued North. There were miles of vineyards clinging to the hills. We slowly wound through San Remo and reached the French Frontier.

Linda spent a lot of time searching through the foreign language books. We needed words for bed, room, etc. The customs were a little lengthier here as we had to cash our gasoline coupons. We left customs and traveled near the coast, by-passing Monaco. Shortly, we passed a bicyclist with a loaf of french bread under

his arm. It might have been a picture from any textbook that discussed France. It was getting to be about four and we decided that Nice should be our stop. There were breathtaking views of houses clinging to cliffs and also of the sea. Finally, the road began switchbaking and dropped dramatically into the center of Nice. The traffic was fairly light for a Saturday afternoon. Linda insisted on finding the central city. We circled an interesting building which we were sure was the railroad station. We finally pulled into a parking lot. The attendant said something to us in a foreign language. We all looked at him blankly and shrugged our shoulders. Out of frustration he charged us the fee for a whole day and waved us on., with a slight show of anger. We had previously been warned of the rude French. As we approached the huge railroad station, it turned out to be a huge casino. It did seem to be the hub of the city however. We got a drink and began strolling around. We first tried to find a room in the "Texas Hotel". They were filled but they referred us to the Calais. On the way Linda checked out a plush hotel near the casino, more than 150 francs a night. With less than four francs to the dollar that was quite a blow. We had anticipated $4\frac{1}{2}$ to the dollar and received as little as 3.80 in Biarritz.

The Calais was one of our more interesting experiences in France. The lady at the desk was very friendly and spoke a little English. She routed us to restaurants to the beach, etc. We were given two small crummy rooms on the third floor. They are clean, but small and very noisy. The boys and I were in one room and Linda and Anne in the other. Parking seemed like an insurmountable problem. Since it was Saturday night and the next day was Sunday we were able to park on the street. As we were leaving a car pulled from in front of the hotel. Linda

and the hotel owner stood in the spot and faced numerous irate motorists who wanted the spot. In the meantime I went for the car, about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. Don't say the French are not helpful.

We decided to go for a stroll, and ignored all the directions given us at the hotel. On the corner they had a stand selling Quiche Lorraine by the slice. There were also ham sandwiches and we all had a bite. Then we all strolled six blocks to the beach. Along the beach is a broad boulevard with large resorts etc. The beach was disappointing, rather than sand there were boulders. We also discovered that the French are quite skilled at changing their bathing suits on the beach. We visited with a family of missionaries that had spent two years in France learning the language before going to Africa. They gave us some clues and informed us of the dropping dollar. We retired about 10. The room was noisy all night.

SUNDAY- July 1

Nice to Arles

We got up about 9:00. The maid brought our breakfast to the room. Linda was not feeling well so the kids and I went to the flower market. This market had been written up in all the tour guide books. It was very pleasant with lots of vegetables and flowers. There were stands of pumpkin blossoms. I wonder if they fry them as I do at home. We purchased a bunch of radishes for the road and a bouquet for mom. We had a pleasant stroll back to the hotel. Linda was feeling better and she burst into tears when we gave her the bouquet. We decided the car would be too hot for the flowers and at Linda's suggestion Anne and Nathan took the flowers to the desk. The lady in charge was very pleased and immediately got a vase and placed them on her desk. She waved and thanked us as we left.

We decided to try Cannes - about 20 km. west along the coast. However, the traffic was fierce so we turned inland toward Grasse. About 20 or 30 km. inland we paralleled the coast. The terrain was quite hilly and it was very pleasant as we dropped down into Broquainain. All of a sudden there was a fierce traffic jam going against us. Apparently Sunday going home traffic is as difficult in France as the traffic in New York! The jam must have stretched 20 or 30 miles. We passed near Aix en Provence. We did not see the famous bridge in children's nursery rhymes. West of Aix en Provence we crossed an area simialar to Eastern Colorado. The countryside was very dry and semi-desert. Finally we reached Arles.

Linda and I had a fierce fight in trying to find a hotel. We came to a central plaza and the first hotel had no rooms. Finally we drove back to the main traffic and the unbelievable traffic. The kids and I waited while Linda tried several hotels. She got a very frenchy room in a very attractive small hotel. Everything, bedspr ad, curtains, wall-paper, etc. matched. Linda was so excited that she had to take us all on a tour of every room - at least those that had the doors open.

It was getting late so we started to walk back to the center of the city. We found another hotel and tried their fixed price tourist menu. The kids had scads of spaghetti and Linda and I had a meat dish.

We continued walking into the city square which was quite old. The city hall was adorned with numerous figurines and contained a musaum on the main floor. As in Verona and without warning we were face to face with another old Roman Colisseum. This coliseum was still used for bull fights on weekends. I had

not realized the bullfighting was common in the Southern part of France. A little bit of digging informed us that Arles was one of the outpost of the Roman Empire.

Monday - July 2nd

ARLES TO CARCASSONE

We left early after breakfast and our destination was Carcassonne - a walled city in the Pyrenees. Leaving Arles was a snap. However, about an hour's drive was Montpellier. The traffic was heavy and fast. The streets were narrow and I thought we were back in Florence. I was relieved as we headed out of the city and toward the Mediterranean. We looked for one last swim. The local wine was advertised everywhere and there were miles and miles of vineyards. At Sete - about one o'clock we were hungry and dying of thirst. We stopped at a small grocery and had a cheese bread, bottled water, etc. stop. We found a beach near the store. It was down a steep cliff, but had a nice sandy beach. The surf was moderate and it was a lot of fun. We headed south and were surprised to find miles and miles of beautiful beach with very few people. However, we needed to continue on and shortly we turned inland. At first the terrain was flat. But as we neared Carcassonne there were many rolling hills and miles and miles of vineyards. one out of seven Frenchmen make their living making wine. The walled city loomed in the distance.

Linda won her battle her major battle to find the tourist bureau. It was in the center of town and at the end of a very beautiful city park, Linda located a room for us. The best that could be said for it was that it was quaint. Linda was convinced that the sheets hadn't been changed after the last people were there. What do you want for 29 Francs. The downstairs was a kind of bar, pool hall etc.

It was early - about four_{pm} so we choose to do the walled city.

The history of Carcassone is fairly colorful, with lots of battles for the city. Many citizens still live within the walls. Only local cars are allowed in. The walk around the wall gave breathtaking views. You can see most of new Carcassone - particularly thru the rifle slits in the tower. Many of the old churches and the buildings are nicely preserved. We selected a restaurant for dinner. It was steep but adequate. We returned to the hotel and spent an hour in the city park among the flowers, goldfish ponds, etc. The kids really let off steam and reaced around the entire square several times.

TUESDAY - July 3

CARCASSONE TO ANDORRA

Early in the morning we left for Andorra le Vielle. This was a major landmark that I particularly wanted to see. Their major industry is smuggling. We also planned a two day stopover in order to catch our breath. Shortly after leaving Carcassone we started into the heart of the Pyrenees. We went through a deeply wooded glen and climbed fairly sharply for the first hour or so. The road came out onto a broad meadow and valley. Shortly we met the road that comes up from Nerbone on the coast. We turned left and shortly we reached the tree line. The road climbed very steeply - six or seven switchbacks and at the top, through a village we headed for Andorra. There were lots of goats and animals on the hillsides. As we approached customs there was a sizeable line. However, it moved swiftly. until we were in Andorra. The road was being repaired. We climbed a steep hill, in first gear due to the traffic congestion. At the top of the mountain we dropped

gently into a broad valley. About 20 km. we were halfway across the country and in the capital.

I pulled into a parking spot across from the Riperpuig. While Linda negotiated a room, the kids and I window-shopped. There were lots of guitars and tourists shops. Main Street is at the edge of a steep range of mountains and we spent a lot of time looking up. Linda took the room, \$10/day - private bath. Wow! We foolishly negotiated to park the car inside where it was not accessible.

After we relaxed, we tried to send the laundry out. That was an experience. There was too much for the maid. The concierge informed us it would be expensive and it would have to go to the "tintoria". We needed the laundry. \$20- ouch. We went to the swimming pool which was shared with the hotel Andorra. It was green, but we swam anyhow.

About 4 o'clock we toured the city on foot. Linda bought some underwear and a gold-plated finger-nail clipper - \$1. The currency is both in Francs and Pesetas. There were numerous good looking restaurants. We found a small place upstairs. Two orders of chicken, spaghetti, and tourist menu and we were fed. Finally too bed.

WEDNESDAY JULY 4

We got up and everyone wanted to swim. We got to the pool and discovered that it was being drained and cleaned. Oh, well. The desk informed us of a campground about 1 km. that had a good pool. We decided to hike it. The gravel road passed the Luna Park - the amusement park where the kids rode the incline and dodge-cars the night before.

We paid the fee and the experience was really very pleasant.

We chatted with a Canadian couple who had just taken the Spanish train. Their example of riding in a compartment with seven flamenco dancers was quite hilarious. We spent about two hours there/

Afterwards we took the kids to Luna Park again. Anne liked the elevator or incline. Also, while passing through the hotel lobby the kids were intrigued with the bull-fights on T.V. Jeff refused to rest and so we all had a middle of the afternoon coke.

Before dinner we took a long walk to the south end of town and up the steep incline. The homes here were quite plush. They included the embassy's etc. We also discovered that you can't become a citizen without having been born there. I also saw a copy of the "Settlers" a book I found in the U.S. two years later. The large department store where we shopped was very modern and the first complete department store that we shopped in until London.

This was the night for formal dining. We went to the official dining room of the hotel and had a feast. 55 Francs, or \$15. Jeff tried the trout, Linda had the Plan. There were also ham steaks, etc, etc. The local cheese - Pyrenees was outstanding.

THURSDAY, JULY 5

ANDORRA TO YESA

We arose early and paid the bill. We were shocked at the \$20 laundry bill - which was done by hand by a laundress - but we chalked that off to experience. Before leaving we went to the department store on the corner and bought some cheese and souvenirs. (Plastic maps of Europe and France) Shortly after leaving "Andorra la Vielle" we reached the "Frontera"

to try the scroungy hotel in town. We did not want to go on as there would be little chance of a room in Pamplona - where the

Spain was the first country where the customs officials opened our trunk. We were also stopped three times within twenty miles for further checks. The civil guardia wore very silly three cornered hats. The road from Andorra into Spain was attractive but not nearly as spectacular as the road from France to Andorra. It followed a river and large canyon out of the mountains. The countryside eventually took the look of a rolling treeless plain. Wheat was the major crop and the area reminded me of Eastern Colorado. There were numerous white-washed willages tucked away in the hills. The total scene was one of serenity - although poverty.

After a couple of hours on the road and while going down a steep mountain grade I discovered that I had no brakes. I panicked and shifted into low gear which was sufficient to hold the car back. I discovered that I had had the emergency brake on for some time. I experienced numerous forms of panic, like 1. How do I find a trustworthy mechnaic? 2. Once I find him, how do I communicate with him? After several miles the brakes cooled down and they worked again. That was a relief.

About noon we stopped for a break on the outskirts of Huesca. Our road by-passed the town and the stop was a typical truck stop with lots of local color. During the afternoon we passed through beautiful contryside - some very rough canyons and also more plains areas, and Basques villages. About every twenty miles we passed government owned hostels. Finally, after rounding the shores of a crystal clear lake we stopped at the hotel in "Yesa". It was a very plain simple place. It took a lot of persuading to convince the lady in charge to rent us a room with two single beds. She wanted us

to try the scroungy hotel in town. We did not want to go on as there would be little chance of a room in Pamplona- (where the "Fiesta of San Fermin" was to begin their in two days. Finally after some grumbling she rented the room to us.

The hestel was filled with numerous vacationers from Northern Europe - Holland, England, Sweden, etc. They enjoyed the hospitality and the inexpensive vacations in Yesa. One of the real treats for the kids was watching the Flintstones in Spanish on the T.V. After taking the room we settlêd down to rest and Jeff want exploring. He took the key with him and closed the door. All but Jeff were locked inside. It was a little frustration and anxiety as we tried to find a way out. There was a man cleaning the pool outside our window. However, he sppeke no English and we could not make him understand. After ten minutes Jeff returned and we were freed. From then on we kept our key.

The meal here was exceptional - chicken, wine, etc. It was served family style. We chatted with several families and it was one of the really pleasant informal gatherings that I remember. Again the emphasis on two languages in Northern Europe really impressed us.

After dinner Jeff and I walked into the village and we got an inside view of the walled towns. A northern wind was sweeping out of the Pyrennees and it was quite chilly. We discovered that in the center of town the streets were grass and that there was no vehicle traffic. The buildings were white-washed. The lower parts of the homes were obviously stables and the upper parts were residences - usually bordered with red geraniums. I think Jeff was impressed by the totally different syle of living.

YESA TO PAMPLONA * JULY 6th

The following morning we left for Pamplona. I was feeling down in the dumps as we thought we had timed it wrong for the Fiesta. However, we discovered that the fiesta would start on July 7th, Saturday. That would be the next day. We drove into the city. Pamplona is a large city, with a university. It was the center for much of the writing of Hemingway. "The Sun also Rises" was set in the Pamplona region. The running of the Bulls is the major focus of the fiesta. Michener, in his novel "The Drifters" also devoted a chapter or two to this event.

The "Running of the Bulls" was probably the one most important event of the trip. We ended up in the parking lot of the Bull ring. Linda sought out the tourist bureau while I circled around the lot looking for a parking place. The festivities were already beginning. Linda did get to the tourist bureau and located a room in a convent. It was apparent that many tourists were sleeping in their cars or on the ground. We were very fortunate. We were obligated to stay the night.

The convent - "Little Sisters of the Poor", was a wonderful experience. Even though the sisters spoke no English, they took hours with the kids talking about "toro" around Spain. The room was very pleasant, altho there were no locks on either the room or the bathroom. At one point there was a very embarrassed sister and a tourist - need I say more! We were settled in about 1:00. Then began one of the most fantastic two days that I can ever recall. Champagne was sold on street corners and dancing in the street was going on continuously.

We were hungry after getting settled and we walked to the

center of town. We found an upstairs restaurant which served "good chicken". Linda tried paella and she thought it was fair. Linda had discovered that tickets for the Bullfight were impossible to get. However, we went to the arena and joined a long line. We were continuously hustled to buy from the scalpers. After a two hour wait - Linda and I took turns, we got five tickets in the shade for \$20 for the following day. Now we could relax.

The city publishes a booklet about acceptable and problem behavior during the fiesta. Proper conduct to women and drunkenness, as well as running with the bulls. The only really obnoxious persons we dealt with were several Americans who were loaded. They were thrown out of the bar and the police were called in. Also, some young man made gross remarks to Linda- but we passed them off.

We set out to tour the town. We walked down the "Esta-feta", the street that was blocked off for the bulls. We spent some time in the municipal market and got an evening snack. Then we saw the corral for the bulls. On our way back to the city we saw the Gates to Pamploma. We followed a beautiful park, until we reached the vicinity of the cathedral. Things got fairly crowded. There were costumed men (Giant headed dwarfs) that were hitting kids on the head with a big ball of foam rubber. There was tremendous amounts of merry-making.

In efforts to reach the square, we started down a crowded side street which eventually became impassible. We discovered that we were in the midst of a tremendous number of young youths, all dressed in white with a red sashes and neckerchiefs. They were dancing their way to the cathedral. They were drinking

wine from a flask and the wine was litterly flowing over everyone. We finally found the shelter of a sidewalk and watched amazed at the spectacle. Finally Jeff could stand it no longer. We took hold of hands and Jeff led us charging through the crowd until we could breathe again. Apparently it is customary for the men unning with the bulls to form a procession from the bull ring to the church to pray for safety.

The downtown square was a mass of people. This was a potty stop and again we realized how nonchalant the men were using the urinals with the women attendants around. One soon got desensitized. The rest of the day was spent shopping on the Estafeta, etc. About 10:00 we returned to the convent.

MORE OF PAMPLONA JULY 7TH

We arose early the next morning to witness the running of the bulls. We figured that if we got up at six we would have plenty of time until 7. Much to our chagrin the people were already 12 deep. Two Spaniards near us took Jeff and Anne onto their shoulders and I had Nathan on mine. Linda was bored and she and another American lady discussed all of us idiots that got up at 4 or 5 to participate in this madness. After a long wait the 1st rocket was fired and you could feel the excitement. Many young men came rushing down the chute. Two more rockets and the bulls were let go. Shortly a glimpse of some fur zipped by and it was all over. The kids had a great view. Jeff and I vowed to get downtown at 5:00 the next morning. We strolled to the square and sat at one of the coffee houses for the next hour.

About 10:00 we strolled toward one of the central plazas to watch the parade of the giants and the giant-headed dwarfs. The mayor and other dignataries were there in an absolutely

jammed square. The environment reminded me of Times square on New Years Eve, not a chance to catch your breath. Again, the head-boppers were about. Giant statues 10-15' high had been constructed and men underneath carried them on their shoulders. They danced etc. It was very fascinating. Again, wherever you went you saw people dancing in the streets. We started back to the convent in order to rest. On the way we passed the carnival. The kids all had to ride and the most popular ride was the dodge-em cars. The process is different here. You bought a token, which is then inserted into the car to start it. It took a couple of rides before the kids discovered they could ride twice as much if the doubled up.

This was a good lunch stop. The choices were several-sausages with lots of garlic, lots of chicken, and the favorite of the trip - tortillas. The tortillas are not the Mexican kind of corn, but an omelet with a potato filling. An hours rest was welcome. The sisters played with the ninos and there was a lot of discussion about the toros.

I was a little anxious at this point about getting good seats at the Bullfights. We had no choice but to pay several dollars more for the "shade" side of the arena. I thought it was 1st come 1st served. However, after arriving an hour early we discovered that seats were reserved. It was not a loss however, as the crowd was unlike any I'd ever seen. People carried wash tubs of wine on ice into the arena and we should have known that it was going to be wild. Across the way, a vast area of men dressed in Red and white was winding up for the affair. There was lot's of drinking, dancing on the railing, singing, chanting, etc.

We discovered that the trumpets were directly above us.

The bullfights consisted of killing 6 bulls - about 15-20 minutes per bull. I found the whole process fascinating and thrilling. There was a tremendous emphasis on working the bull and mastering him. Linda Nathan and Anne were repulsed and only stayed for two bulls. Jeff was thoroughly engrossed and after returning home read many books on the subject. Most of the fights were routine. There was some concern when several matadors used several attempts to finish off the bull and boos were heard. According to Hemingway, many of the better matadors avoid Pamplona because the crowd is not overly friendly. Nathan was thrilled when one matador had his leg gored and was carried out on a stretcher. The picadors, bandilleros, etc. were all part of the scenario and it was viewed by myself as one grand orchestrated ballet. Jeff and I planned to return for the full week when Jeff would be 16, that also included plans for several days on the beach at Biarritz - not far away.

After the bullfight we wandered around. We bought some souvenirs and red kerchiefs, primary symbols of the fiesta. The crowd gradually became overwhelming, and near the Esta Feta it was virtually impossible. We elbowed our way across and found a very crowded restaurant. We waited outside while Linda elbowed her way past the bar and found a table upstairs. We joined her. The food was fair - chicken again and beer and wine for everyone. It was crowded and hot. We left soon and tried to reach the square. It was obvious that we could not and we back tracked and headed for the bull ring. This side of town was quite old and the streets meandered. After working our way for several blocks we got out on the Esta feta and everything seemed relaxed. Just as we thought things were under control,

there was a charge of a lot of children down the street. We managed to hug the wall and the sidewalk to avoid being trampled. Then it seemed like the whole world exploded at our feet. The fire bull was here. This was a contraption worn by a man. It shot off allkinds of fireworks, lights flashed and the thing cracked like yo wouldn't believe. After we got ourselves together we headed for home. It was a long day.

Halfway home, near the carnival, we were suddenly bombarded with the fireworks display. Apparently fireworks are developed into a real art and there is keen competiton between different cities and their ability to put on a spectacular show. It was a performance like I've never seen and it would have been worthy of filming. We went to bed exhausted. Jeff and I had full intentions of arising at 5:00 Sunday morning. Needless to say, no one awoke until 8:00 and we missed the whole show.

PAMPLONA TO BIARRITZ - SUNDAY, JULY 8th

We left Pamplona about none for a leisurely 90 miles at most drive to the frontier. Since we have plenty of pesetas remaining we thoght we would stay at Fuenterabbia- a seaside resort on the coast. The road foolwed a valley most of the way with plenty of trees and vegetation. As we approached San Sebastion - a large resort town and Franco's summer home, there was a massive traffic jam. We spent about an hour moving very slowly. There was apparently a bicycle race and the cyclist made far better time than we did. The drive along the ocean (about 20 miles to the frontier) was breathtaking. We had hoped to stay in a parador (an old castle) in fuenterabbia but it was packed. The approach to the parador was up a very narrow winding cobblestone street. The top looked out over

the ocean. The rooms were filled and I became somewhat panicky as Biarritz, the next town in France is a popular tourist haven . However, we took time out for an hours swim in the ocean. The surf^was mild but the beach^wis great. We also drove five miles along the ocean, up a very steep hillside to another hotel. It was full but the drive was well worth it. About 4:00 we reached Irun. We stopped at a sweet shop to spend our currency (coins, since most places will not exchange them). Linda paid double for cake and was a little annoyed. Customs were slightly more complex at the Spanish border again. We headed north and after 20 miles we had visions of sleeping in the car.

I pulled into a very attractive red and white pension and they did have rooms. The price 35F. Ridiculously cheap. After agreeing to the room we discovered that we also must pay 17.50F/person for our meals-part of the room rent. After some negotiation he only charged us for 3 persons. The whole bill was about 105F - which, considering an outstanding meal was not bad. The dinner was fantastic. It was about five courses, a relish tray of seafoods, i.e., shrimp, mussels, herring, etc. We all had soup - delicious, and as an appetizer Jeff had a "truite". The main course was chicken and steak, and ice cream for dessert. The room was similar to the room in Arles. Rather than blue however, it was red. The owners were Basque and we got along with our meager Spanish. In late afternnon we went to Biarritz - a fantastic place. It had a marvelous beach. Linda, Anne, and Nathan played in the sand. Jeff and I braved the surf. The waves were crashing over our heads and it was fun being pummelled and bruised. Jeff and I would like to spend a week in Biarritz just relaxing someday.

BIARRITZ * NIORT July 9th

In the morning we tried for an early start. However, we need to get some F's to pay the hotel bill and have money for emergencies. The banker tried to persuade us to exchange all our money because the bottom supposedly fell out beneath the dollar. We received 3.92F/dollar. We held out and only cashed what we needed to get to Paris. We received more than 4F in Paris. The drive to Niort was very pleasant. It went through miles and miles of vineyards - around Bordeaux. To avoid the city we took several smaller highways. About noon we stopped at a fruit or wine stand selling products of the region. A short five minute stop turned into $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or more as the owner insisted we taste each kind of wine and sample every cheese. He also gave us a lesson in French. As we went north we passed through open wheat country. We arrived late in Niort. The 1st hotel had rooms - but the clerk spoke no English. After a long negotiaion process we got two rooms for 22F/room or 44F altogether. The rooms, altho noisy were very inviting, even though they were on the 4th floor. Niort was a relatively colorless town. We walked to the center for dinner. The waitress was slow and the food mediocre.

NIORT - LE MANS TUESDAY JULY 10TH

Upon leaving we went to a super-market and did some shopping. after about \$5-6/purchases we were schocked to find out we needed our own shopping bag. They did scrounge up a box for us. This was the 1st picnic we had beside the road. Cheese, bread, and cold cuts - plus grape juice. Jeff was all excited as we approached Le Mans, famous racing city. Here we were struck by the fantastic number of motorbikes. They lined the

road at every stoplight. Traffic was very heavy. Linda and I had a squabble over finding the tourist bureau. We parked only a block away. They got us a room near the central square. It was a dingy uninviting place and we were treated somewhat rudely. This was the city that impressed me regarding giving the right of way to the traffic on the right. We were on what I thought was a busy thoroughfare when a truck came charging out at us. We barely missed having a severe accident. We spent an hour or two at the racetrack. We went up in the stands. There was a car warming up on the track. There was an outstanding museum at the track. I also discovered that the Wright brothers did most of their work in Le Mans since a Frenchman was willing to finance the project.

Part of the day was spent getting accommodations in Paris. We were stuck with \$40/day. After leaving the racetrack we drove along the river. There was a large park and we spent an hour or so on the playground equipment. Later we went for dinner, a little sandwich place (hot dogs) etc. on the square. I was exhausted. Linda and Anne went out for crepes. I never had any.

LE MANS TO PARIS - July 11th

We left for Paris about 10:00. It was a two or three hour drive. We felt a little more confident knowing that we had a room. The trip was pleasant. We went near Chartres - the road actually bypasses the town. The cathedral stood out and was very impressive. Linda didn't like cathedrals so we didn't stop. As we neared Paris I began to get anxious about the traffic. The anxieties never materialized. We took a small road along the south side of Paris and landed at the Orly Airport.

It only took about an hour to check in the car and get a bus headed for Mont St. Michel. Actually the bus was a short ride to the Metro (Paris's subway). We got off at St. Germain. Jeff and I and the suitcases stood by a bank for 1 to 1½ hours while Linda found the hotel. The concierge was very agreeable our trying to find a cheaper place. Linda visited 5 or 6 establishments and found no rooms available. We were stuck at \$40/day for 5 days. The hotel was about 3 or 4 blocks from the Metro, a long walk. We were on the 4th floor. The elevator was a typically French open style, with iron grating for the doors. The owner was very ingratiating. She informed us that Buses and the Metro are for transporting people, not luggage, and we should have used a taxi. She also gave us instructions for the kids using the elevator without losing a finger. Despite her directiveness - I liked her and so did the rest of the family.

Our room consisted of a bedroom, a private bath, and a sitting room. Plenty of area for doing laundry. One flight down we made friends with the Wynn family. They were Americans living in Switzerland. Mr. W. owned a very sporty Mercedes. Mrs W. was an artist and had developed toe toppers. She wanted to get Salvador Dali's stamp and was in Paris to meet with his secretary. She did make arrangements to meet him in Spain.

Victoria, their daughter was Anne's age. She was delighted to have someone to play with and they spent a lot of time together. Mark, who was 5 was bi-lingual, French and English. He was a little pistol and we spent at least one day with him.

After getting settled in we went for a walk. Across the street "Rue de Beaux Arts" was located L'hotel. Reputedly the

most expensive hotel in Paris. Oscar Wilde died here and other dignitaries stayed here. We walked in and the center is like a miniature tower of Pisa with all rooms opening out into the center. There was also a sandwich shop nearby. It was not bad and not expensive. We chatted at length with several Swedish students. We realized how important foreign languages are in Northern Europe.

We were rested and ready to really see Paris by foot, of course. The kids were getting a little tired of walking everywhere. We however, overthrew their protests and we strolled to the Seine. It was much the way it is pictured. Very Picturesque with many foodstalls and touristy art reproductions. We crossed the bridge and we were at the Louvre. I had read that it would be free on holidays and Sunday's, so over modest protest from Linda, we agreed to visit the Louvre on Bastille Day, our last day in Paris. The traffic around the Louvre is fierce. We wanted to stroll the Tuileries. Crossing the street was really taking your life in your hands. There were no crosswalks or traffic lights nearby. Whew- we made it. Paris has really learned to use their central city parks for people, particularly children. There were numerous ponds and fountains. At each one there was a man renting sail-boats and motor-boats. For a few centimes he will give you a pole and a boat. It is your responsibility to keep track of your own boat. There were also pony rides, swings, etc. There were many trees and benches. Many of the older folks were sitting in the park. The squirrels and sparrows would dance and eat out of their hands. This was good relaxing entertainment for an hour. The heat got to us and a coke sounded refreshing. We discovered that we could buy a large liter sized coke for 2F at the corner grocery

while in the park a small coke costs 2F or 50¢.

The Tuileries was at one end of the Champs Elysee. They were also putting up bleachers for Bastille day along the street. At the end of the Tuileries are the elegant shops and sidewalk cafes. It appeared that the thing to do in Paris is sit at the sidewalk cafe's, drink coffee and watch the people pass by. It is a very pleasant pastime. The street ended at the Arch de Triumphe. All the moview about Parision's and the Traffic must be true. We succæded in crossing the Elysee. We heard you could get mild-shakes at the Renault restaurant- which is above the Renault showroom. This was a very catchy tourist place. The seats were replicas of old cars. We had milk-shakes, hamburgers, etc. Upstairs was a fairly elegant museum of old cars. We spent so etime their. We strolled along the back-streets to the hotel. We passed an old soldiers hospital and other landmarks. We were near the "Bois de Boulougne" - but never made it. Boy, was the rest welcomed. "Tory" and Anne played together. We worked out an arrangement whereby the Kids stayed together at the hotel. Eventually the kids got settled down and Linda and I took a very leisurely stroll along the Seine.

July 12, 2nd day in PARIS

Our 2nd day in Paris dawned very pleasant. A decision to return the heavy suitcase to the U.S.A. was made. The Wynn's agreed to stay with the kids. Linda and I took the suitcase to the American Express Office. It mush have been 10 or 12 blocks and weighed a ton. Down the street, cross the Seine, pass the Louvre, and stroll down one of the more elegant streets to L'Opera. A very elegant building indèed. Except

my arms and shoulders felt as though they would collapse. The American Express Office was nearby. We waited an incredibly long time to find it would cost \$50 - and we agreed to carry the suitcase home. However, we did succeed in getting reservations at the Grosvenor in London - again \$40/day. American Express also made rail reservations and the works. The Train would leave at 9:00 on Saturday evening. On the way back Linda wanted to visit the British tour office and we walked and walked and walked. No taxi for us. Finally about noon we were back, Ready for a rest.

We had lunch at the sandwich place -hot dogs etc. The Open air stalls along the street were intriguing. Rabbit* shole with the feet on yet, lots of individual shops and foods. The idea of a large supermardet seems non-existant in Paris. There were also no laundro-mats, at least we were unable to find them. Lots of washing our clothes out by hand. Lots and lots of clothes. The courtyard was kind of crummy- so we didn't mind hanging our laundry in the window.

By pre-arranged agreement- we took Mark and the family sought out the Eiffal Tower. 1st attempts at finding a bus were difficult and Mark refused to translate. Finally a lady got the idea Touwer Eiffal. A heated discussion ensued between herself and a workman - both trying to be very helpful as to which stop we should get off at. Finally our bus arrived. The elderly woman waved at us, behind the gentleman's back and indicated we should ignore him. I don't know whose directions we took - but be arrived there shortly.

The Eiffal tower was as impressive as we thought it would be. It was a bery fragile looking pinnacle stretching skyward.

The ironwork gave it a lacey quality. It was surrounded by beautiful gardens and fountains. The cost was staggering. Linda and Nathan walked to the 1st level. The rest of us rode to the top. The view was breathtaking and not unlike the Empire State Building. The Sacre Couer stood out to the North, the Bois de Boulogne to the West and to the East the Champ's Elysee was visible as well as downtown. A little souvenir hunting at the top and we were ready to leave. We held our stomachs. The trip down did that too one. The family was united. We decided to walk back - a long walk with 2 tired 5 and 6 year olds. We stopped along the park and watched an elderly man feeding the sparrows from his hand. This seemed to be an European custom and the birds were well trained.

Mark had taught Nathan how to say "bonjour". They greeted every person with this greeting and received several smiles. Between alternating shoulder rides and various games we got the kids back to the hotel. A brief rest and we found a relatively inexpensive Chinese Restaurant. The food was good and the prices were on a par with New York. It was an early to bed night for everyone.

July 13th

Linda had contacted her father's friends, the Sak's, by phone. They invited us to spend the day in Etrechy - a suburb about 1 hour ride from Paris, 20-30 miles or 40-50 km. The trip out was uneventful. The only experience was the sad story of 2 young fellows from Utah who were lost. There story?

Their band had been invited to play in Switzerland. They also had bookings in a small town near Paris. While on a tour they got off the metro at St. Germain - separated from

the group. Of course, they couldn't remember their hotel.- near the airport. Linda took them in tow and entered one of the small hotels. The concierge was very rude and not helpful. Everyone felt lost. However, some alert chaperone had seen them get off and met Linda and the boys. They expressed a lot of anger at France and the Frenchmen. They played in a "communist town" outside Paris and the audience threw firecrackers into the band and harrassed them in various ways. We saw or received none of this type of treatment in France.

After leaving the boys we made our way to the Michel Station. We found the ticket window. After a brief conversation like- Etrechy - 2 adults - 3 children, we made it. He also pointed and gave us an understanding of how the light system worked. They have a very elaborate system for knowing your train. The trip was about 1 hour.

Etrechy is a small town and we felt in the middle of nowhere. I had a beer and the kids had a coke while Linda tried to reach the Sak's. It was a pleasant hotel-bar. It was not a bad place to spend an hour. Mr. Saks finally reached us and we drove to the countryside. Their home is fairly new and is U.S. modern rambler. It looks out over a beautiful valley to a nearby village.

The Saks were ready and waiting. Mrs. S. - a gourmet cook has found peanut butter, hot dogs, potato salad, etc. Potatoes are "pommes de terre", fruit of the earth. The kids thoroughly enjoyed the day. There were also English friends visiting. The discussion covered the waterfront as related to Europe. Some examples- "The Parisians prefer the new Japanese influx of tourists as they are cleaner and don't

expect to be waited on as the Americans do." "Germany produced a Hitler - but they also have a Willy Brandt". The mayor in town could not understand their desire to raid his corn patch as "who ever heard of eating corn". Mr. S. had been in France since 1948. Pearl joined him in 1955. Mr. Saks may become a French citizen. Politics are more open - altho no one openly declares to be of one party or another, except the communists. The French don't see themselves as rude - but they prefer to be treated as hosts and not servants by the tourists. The day continued and it was a delightfully pleasant break in the trip. There were letters from Linda's parents - none from mine. That caught up at the American Express Office in Dublin.

Mr. S. and I went into town and did the shopping. He stopped at several shops to get what he needed - a lot of the food was already prepared. He also pointed out the horse butcher-which was common all over France.

About 6 we caught the later train into Paris. Jeff fell asleep and he was chastised by the conductor for putting his feet on the seat. The end of an exhausting day as we walked along the Seine with its colored lights, book stands, and the "bateaux roches" (tour boats) etc. We flopped into bed. Tomorrow will be "Bastille Day" - the French 4th of July.

July 14th

We thought of getting up at 5 to get a spot for the parade. Instead we slept late and watched some of it on T.V. in the lounge. The owner of the hotel dissuaded us from trying to go downtown. It was a grand military parade - so we decided to do more touring. We had discovered - not without a lot of disappointment on everyone's part that the Louvre was closed. Relief. We strolled to the Luxembourg gardens and through

them. It was a beautiful park. It was very quiet. We watched a group of men playing boiche. The flowers were superb and you should have seen the carp in the pond. The kids watched the boats sailing in the pond. As in the Tuilleries they rented all kind of boats for the kids to play with. Anne and Nathan took a ride on some donkey's. After 1 or 2 hours we moved onto the "Isle de Cite" and toured Notre Dame. Friends of ours later visited the cathedral in Paris. Their name was Pope and they were convinced that that was the 1st time a Cardinal nearly ran down a Pope. Notre Dame was quite impressive.

We bought a liter of coke and cheese, etc. for a sandwich and we headed back down the right bank. There were several blocks of pet stores - specializing in birds. This was a good $\frac{1}{2}$ hour plus stop. There were also numerous stalls selling books and "touristy" art. Numerous armoured trucks passed us on their way from the parade. We also had the excitement of seeing a young man on a motorcycle get hit. He was not hurt badly. As we looked West along the Seine, there was an outstanding view of the Eiffel tower. We ended up near L'Opera and a Wimpy's hamburger stand for lunch. About 3 o'clock we checked out of the hotel, bags and all. Over the hotel owners protease we lugged our bags to the metro. An uneventful trip to the "Gare du Nord". We located our train and stowed our gear and headed for Monte Marte.

Here we ran into a relatively unpleasant scene in a corner grocery. Whit I gather most Americans called the "Ugly Parisian". We went into a shop and when the kids looked at the candy she growled. When I took a step back and knocked over a slew of empty bottles. Upon leaving I went to buy some

fruit and I reached down to get them to take back into her - she practically broke my knuckles. I insisted on buying them at that point out of stubbornness. The area below Montee-Marte was very reminiscent of 125th street in Harlem in it flavor. It was an area that was populated by Algerians and poor foreigners Eugene Saks feels that this was the only place in the city where you would not want to be alone at night.

About a mile walk and we were at the top of the hill and facing the Sacre Cou'ler - far more impressive than Notre Dame. The view was breathtaking. To the southwest, spilling down the hill was an area reminiscent of Greenwich willage. There were lots of artist and expensive prices. There were plenty of snack bars - American style. Further down the hill - past the Pigalle - early evening and I didn't notice any business. Finally about 9:00 we were back at the Gar de Nord. We were one of the first to board the train. There was a class of French students who were going to London for a holiday. They filled a substantial part of the car. We shared our seat with an English couple. The train was over-crowded. Linda was exstastic about hearing English spoken again.

It was a four hour ride to Dunquerque, It was uneventful and everyone was tired. About 2:00 we got to the boat and had to lug our bags onto the boat and through customs. We got berths for the kids - they were not happy about it. A kindly but firm matron dept them in line. Linda and I retired to the dining room for breakfast. English style - eggs, bacon, etc. We were exhausted and seeing no chairs we set on the floor and went to sleep. Linda was up early, but I did get to see the white cliffs of Dover also. We docked in Folkstone and it was good $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours until we were settled on the train for London.

July 15

First, the whole boat went through customs. It was much different than any other customs we had seen. Everyone on the boat lined up and in a very formal manner each family was escorted into a large room. There were 2 separate desks with a customs agent behind each. Everything was highly polished and the uniform's very correct. While we stood before the desk he reviewed our passport - stamped it and we were on our way. On our way down the gangplank an English Bobby looked at Linda and said "Watch it - so you don't fall on your arse Ma'm. Linda looked up - the only comment was, "you speak English.

Finally we moved out through the English countryside. It was very green and wet. We had very little English currency. It was Sunday so we were limited. About noon we entered suburban London and shortly we were at Victoria Station in South London. We had reservations at the Grosvenor - 18~~2~~/day or \$40. However, after lugging our bags an interminable distance we went into action. The kids stayed with the bags. I cashed some checks and Linda went to the tourist bureau to try for a room. She located one in Earl's Court- Where's that? She did get directions and we had our 1st fling with the "tubes". We discovered the Red Rover ticket, and other goodies. Our stop is only several stops from Victoria. The area was one of brownstones. There were a few hotels but we walked three blocks to a rooming house. The place is owned by Polish immigrants. It was not overly clean but for 9 Lbs. we accepted with a one week agreement. The room was dark and gloomy. Our neighbor had apparently boiled rice in the sink and the remains were obvious. We rested Linda was very discontent. About 4:00 we

needed dinner. We found a good chinese restaurant near the station. This was also the stop for a large arena - where the Royal Games were being held. We had a very good, plentiful dinner at a moderate price. Linda insisted on going into the Astor House, a fairly modest but more modern hotel. She discovered that they would have a vacancy the next day a lb. less. A night long stew developed over how to get out of our commitment.

Oh, well - we can't waste our first night in London. We caught the tubes to Picadilly and the movie house for our first English film. It was a very funny comedy and we all remembered vividly the "Short order cook". We retired about 11:00.

July 16

We arose and had breakfast before 9:00. It rarely varied - two eggs, toast, marmalade, sausage, grilled tomatoe and juice. I reached David Legge's mother in London. Dave had been a teacher at the Open school in St. Paul. Dave was working in a settlement house in South Hampton, so we were unable to meet. After verifying a room at the Astor we created our strategy with the landlady. Jeff was very upset about lying to her rather than telling her how dissatisfied we were. He also didn't want to hurt her feelings. She was very friendly. If the room were not so dingy it might have been O.K. We got settled in. There was a shower and the water sprayed over the top - drenching some of our clothes. We were also short of linens - repeated request got them, the excuse was that the laundry delivered the wrong linens, so they were short. The rollaway was a porch chaise. After getting settled in we went to Picadilly and since we were going to be doing a lot

of sight seeing we bought Red Rover tickets - about \$20 for all five of us. This gave us free access to the subways and and Red double decker buses. It was also good for a free tour of London. There was now time to gawk at Picadilly Circus. It was much like Times Square. Lots of lights, people, and tourist type shops. We also took this opportunity to have American Express reserve tickets to Dublin. We will take the train to Holyhead in Wales- and board the ferry to Dun Laoghaire. This ate up a lot of time. There were many adds for cars at the Express office. Tourists were selling out. It seemed air flights from London to U.S.A. were much cheaper. This took most of the morning.

We stopped at an American style hamburger place for lunch. Linda wanted a BLT. The waiter, although annoyed, went next door and accommodated her whims. We arrived just in time for the bus tour. London was certainly fascinating. The bus headed out by Green Park to Hyde Park and Speakers corner. We hit Kensington gardens and crossed the river. Along the river we saw some of the sights - i.e. government buildings. Back across London Bridge. We saw the tower of London, discovered that London is only 1 mile square. We saw Winchester Cathedral and the tower of Big Ben. It was raining so we missed the "rosy red cheeks of the little children." Buckingham Palace Trafalgar Square, #10 Downing Street and several sights where they had guards. I loved the tour, the kids were bored. The tour was too long. About 2:30 we were back.

We strolled around and discovered Soho. I guess this was a slum, red light district in part. It was also the "Greenwich Village" and one lane went for 4-5 blocks with vendor after vendor selling mostly fruits and vegetables.

We were all tired and tried the Red Rover ticket. The subway had the longest escalators "like Lexington and fifth Avenue in New York". I also noticed that the hostess got quite huffy when we asked her directions. She wanted to know if we could read? The London trains were quite elegant in relation to New York. No graffitti, upholstered seats with arm rests, etc. Finally, Earl's court! We returned to the Astor House, rested and cleaned up for dinner. It was time to explore the main street in the area. It was quite busy. There were a lot of little restaurents. We finally choose "the Pot". The food was plain, good and cheap. It had a Spanish flavor, even though it was in the heart of "Kangaroo Alley", center for Australian residents. This was the first time we saw corn on ~~the~~ cob - 15p. They did not seem enthused about the children but they were polite and courteous. It was worth a return meal.

We went home. The kids went to bed. Linda and I went for a walk. She weas scarred as we got off the beaten track and so we decided to trturn. We watched T.V. in the lounge and Linda was amused by a couple's effort's to get a drink. They ordered one thing after another and there was nothing. The owner didn't tell them however, but let them keep ordering.

JULY 17

There was a firm conviction that we would see the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. We got up early and had our breakfast of orange juice, eggs, toast, marmalade, etc. With our Red Rover tickets in hand we searched out the double decker buses. Down Kensington, by Green Park and to the Palace. The English seem impressed with formality and around palaees

and famous houses there were always very formal guards. The guards marching in front of the palace were quite precise. The people there to watch the changing of the guard were about 4 deep. After the kids complaining and the rain beginning to fall we waited for about one hour. A guard placed a placard on the fence that the changing of the guard was cancelled. Dejected we headed for Hyde Park. On the way a very colorful coach with uniformed guards passes us up. We decided to use our Red Rover tickets and go to the zoo.

We elected to take the double decker bus. The kids and mom sit in the front- over the driver. I was sitting about three seats back. There were a handful of people on the bus. Suddenly the bus pulled over and driver appeared. There was a brief chastisement of Linda for not keeping her children quiet - he was not able to drive the bus. Apparently they were swinging their feet and hitting the front of the bus. The conductor and the driver had a communication system which was being fouled up. The conductor hits the bus to signal the driver to start and stop. A fat obnoxious lady, half-way down the aisle went on and on about how children these days are undisciplined and make noise and run around. Neither Linda nor I saw what they were doing.

Finally about 11:30 we were at the zoo. It was a very impressive spectacle. We had lunch at the cafeteria - not very special. The rain was off and on. We visited the Aviary. All the various animals, like hippo's, elephants, etc. At the end there was a very impressive fake stone Mountain for the mountain goats. After being exhausted the kids spent about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in the playground. Over 4 protests, I twisted

everyone's arms to walk south through Regents park to see the beautiful rose gardens. It was a several block long walk through the lawn. Everything in England and Ireland was very green and lush. Finally we came to the very formal and beautiful rose gardens. The variety and quality were exceptional. We passed an elderly lady feeding the sparrows from her hand. We spent another 3/4 hour going for a row in the park. We finally arrived at the other end of the park. We nearly got run down as we forgot we were in England. We stopped at a sport shop and Jeff was goggle-eyed at a chess set. We decided to return to Earl's Court and sleep on it. We got a light snack, shopped around somewhat and retired.

JULY 18

Breakfast will never be forgotten. The waitress was ill - and there was no one to cover. The cook tried to do both jobs. In the meantime Jeff decided to return to the room. Our meal came and we waited, and waited and waited. Upon investigation we discovered that Jeff was locked in the elevator. The disk did not know how to fix it. The ordeal was about an hour. They did get the door open a crack and Jeff got a book to read. He was amazingly calm.

Finally after we were altogether again-oh I'll digress here. Each morning Linda had to explore to find a clean bathroom, for a bath. We not launched out for the day. the First stop was the bank and a post office. We bought some souvenirs at Picadilly, pick up our train tickets and lunch downtown. We elected to buy the chess board so we boarded the tubes. After the purchase we happened upon Madame Tussauds. This was good for an hour or so. It was quite an impressive show. From the room of famous persons, famous criminals, the battle

etc. After we were out - some icecream treats and a row in the park. The weather had been cloudy and sunny all week. After the rain, which we just missed getting drwoned, we decided to ride the tubes as far as they would go. We ended in a Northwest suburb. It was a neat town with an exclusive private school. We took an hours stroll and we hit a neat chinese restaurant - excellant. We decided to see the city and take the bus back. The bus wound around the nothern suburbs. Eventually we had to take the tubes back. The northern suburbs look like Fridley, Maryland suburbs of D.C. etc.

JULY 19⁸

This was our last day in London. Breakfast was much more uneventful. It was pouring rain and I was miserable and impossible. We decided to go to the Victoria and Albert museum and the natural history museum, as well as the museum of science and industry. We took the tubes and I was impressed with the musicians playing and begging in the tunnel. The art museum was impressive. My favorite room was a large area where they had plaster reproductions of a lot of the great statues.

Jeff really intrigued me. At these museums everyone wanted to skim through but Jeff. He read every sign. We were all ready to go and he had only covered a few displays. The Museum of Science and Industry went on forever and it would be a worthwhile return whenever one would return to London. After a lot of crabbing and a mediocre lunch at the cafeteria in the Museum of Science and Industry I yielded to "Beneath the Planet of the Apes".

To find the theater was something else again. I tried the phone book and Linda queued up at the ticket sellers

window. There was a long line. Linda came back in tears as she had been chastised for not saying please. The kids and I watched the movie - Linda went shopping. The movie was mediocre. After that , Linda wanted to go to the hotel and do the laundry. The kids were bored.

I suggested that they go back. I was going to Trafalger Square. They came with me and we spent a delightful $\frac{1}{2}$ hour feeding pigeons in the park. We also watched the changing of the guard at one of the buildings. Back to the hotel - we got the laundry done, had dinner in the area, chinese, and early to bed as the next day was a long trip to Ireland.

JULY 20

Pleasant surprise! The clerk brought us a continental breakfast in bed since we would need to leave before breakfast was served. He very generously called us a taxi, who ripped us off. He charged us double to Eustis station. But with all the calamity we got there boarded the train and we were off. The IRA bombed the station several months later. We were the only people around who had reserved seats.- The only set of facing seats without a table. We shared the sandwiches of an Irish fellow next to us. He had 3 children. Apparently many Irishmen work in England and return home for the holidays. The train ride was uneventful. The first stop was Crewe- a major railroad center. It then followed the North coast of Wales. We saw a big amusement park at Rhyll, and we passed several ancient large castles on the way. About 1 or 2 we arrived at Holyhead - boarding place for the ferry to Dun Laoghaire. It was about a four hour crossing. We trudged in line with all our bags etc. and slowly got set on the ferry.

Wow! 'was it crowded.

Linda commented on all the red-haired freckled children. The kids circulated around the boat and you could tell you were in a child centered world. About one hour out and the cafeteria opened. It seemed the standart fair was sausages and beans. We all got to eat. We lounged around the boat and as we approached Eire the excitement arose. We saw land in the distance and just as we arrived a beautiful rainblow graced the Eastern sky. It was a mob getting off the boat. As we discovered we were the next to the last boat before the ferry workers went on strike.

We found the train to Dubling and we had about a one hour wait. There was a young girl in our compartment waiting for her father and she made connections just as the train pulled out. It was about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour ride and we were stranded in the middle of Dublin.

The bell-hop tried to talk us into a cheaper hotel in the center of the city. However, we held out. Linda got into a tussle with the taxi - remembering London. He was offended but calmed down after we explained. It was only 65p. The ride was short, the city old and very labor-looking. However, it was a beautiful hotel (Mt. Herbert) Oh, by the way there were palm trees in Dublin! The hotel was very Irish 9 lbx. Paddy took our bags and we settled in. We walked about three blocks to the New Jury hotel. Linda was brave and definitely did not like the steak and kidney pie. The New Jury was on Embassy row. The kids watched T.V. and I went to the beach. Boy, was the tide impressive. It must have been $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles out. There were all kinds of shells etc. Finally we hit the hay.

July 21

This was a business day. We rode the bus into Dublin. The 2nd place on the trip where we encountered a number of beggars. Particularly on the bridge over the Liffey. First line of business was the Irish Tourist Bureau. They called and made arrangements on a farm for us. We agreed on Mrs. Lucas in Killalow - on Loch Dergh- on the River Shannon. The tourist board was really great and gracious. They had a network of free reservations throughout the Republic.

Our second goal was to get a car. This was much more complex. Lot's of phoning led us to believe that all the cars were rented. Paddy - however- up t us onto a company that had a car for us the next morning, a blue Ford Marina. The rest of the day was spent touring downtown Dublin. We visited several of the large department stores, the street market, etc. We lunched at a hamburger type place. The Irish people were very open about starting up conversations. The kids met some others and invited them to their house. The waitress joined us. She jets to New York once a year. Everyone in Ireland has an aunt or uncle in America - do we know them? She chatted abo t an hour. The kids liked her so well that we had to go back when we returned to Dublin.

We took the bus back to the Mt. Herbert and rested for dinner. We decided to walk downtown. An amazingly short walk through a lovely park with lots of ducks, flowers, and ponds. Dinner was at a quaint chinese restaurant- like any in the twin cities. The meal was good and we strolled back. We hadn't got the car yet, that would be tomorrow.

July 22

Fairly early we were up and at the suto place. This took an hour or so until all the papers and everything was taken care of. We were a little concerned as we had learned that the ferry was on strike and our only way out was through Belfast or to Fly. Although I would have been willing - Linda refused Belfast. I think however, I could have persuaded her if the strike would have continued.

The car was a dark blue Ford Marina. A strange thing about foreign cars - the breaks are all soft and it seemed like they were always going to fail. The kids were in hysterics. The steering wheel was on the wrong side - so were the drivers. For 15 minutes- driving in the heavy traffic with everyone tooting and I insisted on turning on the windshield wipers whenever I wanted to signal. After a bit however I became adjusted and driving on the left hand side of the road became routine.

We returned to the hotel and checked out our things. We made reservations to return to Dublin on the 27th. The Mt. Herbert was our goal. It was very nice with color T.V. in the lobby etc. The room was small but the dining room looked out on an immaculately groomed garden. Palm tree's immaculately trimmed hedges and lawn. The breakfast was superb - for 5 of us. Did we ever eat! It never varied - first, juice, Irish soda bread, porridge, two eggs, bacon, grilled tomatoes and milk. It was exceptional enough that we chose to stay there on our return.

The trip to Killaloe was expected to take a day. Mrs. Lucas wasn't expecting us until 3:00. We drove away from the

coast onto a broad plain with a lot sheep grazing. We picked up a young Irish lad who was on leave from the army. He was suprised that we came to Ireland. He thought that most Americans had the impression that the war was in the Republic as well as Northern Ireland. Wh told us about Leprauchauns and how thousnads of people turned out near Limerick to find their treasure. We dropped him off near Part Laoise. This was only a one hour drive on a good wide highway. We were concerned that we would be in Killaloe by noon.

We were hungry and we started looking for a place. Finally, as we approached the river Shannon we spotted a B&B place. Not familiar with English and Irish Bed and Breakfast, we tried for a ~~meal~~. Mrs. Shouldice was a very pleasant grandmotherly person. She invited us into the living room and assured us there was something on the stove. We had an excellant lunch of various meat and vegetable stew. Mrs. S's bachelor brothers were there. The next $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours were spent discussing J.F.K., the Shouldice's uncle who ran for senator in Verment - did we know him?. We reviewed her scrapbook and got the entire family history.

The bachelor brothers apparently hived in a 500 year old thatched cottage. Linda and the kids listened as we discussed farming techniques and hunting. They used the horse and hound and talked a lot of their way of life. Finally after the kids had candy- we paid the bill, 1~~0~~er 2 lbs, very cheap. Mrs. S. assured us we were very lucky to be at the Luca's and we found we were only several miles from the farm.

The roads had become very narrow from here on out. Barely enough room to pass. There was usually a very quaint stone wall on each side of the road so there was no shoulder.

The Lucas' home was very pleasant. It was on the shore of Loch Dergh. They had a small farm with a herd of cows, a horse and a mule. Mrs. L. had 3 different areas for guest. We began with two rooms. Anne made friends with the Lucas girls and she slept in the trailer with them on the 2nd night. Mr. L. had high tea for 50 p.- it was very expensive and she let us know she wasn't wild about serving it. We never did meet Mr. Lucas. Mrs. Lucas was very friendly and willing to talk of life in Ireland. After a stroll and a drive around the local area we turned in. It has to be one of the most pictureque scenes we encountered.

July 23

Up and at them in the morning. Breakfast was served in our own dining room. The usual- but very good. The favorite was the black currant jelly and homemade bread. We decided to spend the day in Limerick. Amazing how romantic and familiar many of the Irish towns and villages were. Going through Killaloe on the narrow bridge we noticed that all the farmers were bringing their milk to the creamery. Most had a donkey and a cart, a few had small tractors. The town of Limerick was relatively small and might be Bucyrus, Ohio. We dined out and shopped for souvenirs. The road from Killaloe to Limerick was very narrow. We heard a lot of concern from the oldest Lucas girl (about 17) about the lack of opportunity in Ireland. The Shannon's from Ballbriggan arrived on this day also.

We took high tea which was basically canned spaghetti O's. It was a relatively uneventful day. Although we were unable to go, we were intrigued with an old castle near Ballina, that specialized in old fashioned, knights of the round table banquets.

We also strolled to the top of the hill along narrow dirt roads for magnificent views of the surrounding areas.

July 24

Up early for a good **breakfast** and a full day of sightseeing. We decided to try Galway, about 30 or 40 mile away. We didn't reach the city, but we did get to famous Galway bay. We also purchased several paperbacks - one which had it's setting around Galway. This was a very picturesque drive as was most of Ireland. We crossed the river and passed through Ennestyman. Things were nice and green. Suddenly we came upon a barren plain - called the "burrin". For miles and miles it was like a desert. There were stone fences lining the roads. It was an area of limestone with no surface water. It had hisorical significane in the the English at one point tried to limit the Gaels to this area. It would have been virtually impossible for them to survive.

We drove by the remains of an old castle and picked up two hitchhikers from the states. As we were driving we passed by cottages where there were piles of peat stacked. None of us had ever seen such before. The owner came out and in his typically Irish way took up the next $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. He had opinions about the Kennedy's, chided us about Nikon and told us about the disappointments suffered by many Irishmen who returned to Ireland to retire. It was not the same - the pace of life was too slow and the nostalgia memories were not so great once they returned. We heard that comment several times afterward. One of the interesting political sidelights of Ireland was the fact that they had a protestant president - Childers-. He was often accused of being Englan's President for Ireland. Dublin

also had a Jewish Mayor. We also noticed ads in the papers and on the news articles that strongly reflected Ireland's Catholic heritage. Basic news item's would not hesitate to mention the proper moral positions according to the church. The ads frequently suggested that "if you were moving to another country you should check with your local priest to guarentee that you could practice your religion. Also most of the street signs were in both English and Gaelic, and the 6:00 newscast was also in Gaelic. It was a requirement for graduation from school to have a speaking knowledge of Gaelic. Apparently the only area that it is frequently used is in some of the more isolated Western areas, such as Dingle.

Some of the natives felt it was not right and that learning Gaelic was an academic exercise as world trade and business would never be conducted in Gaelic. It was a way of preserving their heritage and proving to the English that they had not succumbed. There was plenty of anger, that the Irish economy and law are so dependent on England, even though they are an independent rep~~u~~blic.

Well back to the drive. We dropped our friends off on the Bay. We followed the ocean around. Linda vetoed a stop at the Cliff's of Mohair. Since then I have read that it is a major tourist attraction. Others who have been there have chastised me for not seeing these beautiful cliffs rising 500 feet or more above the sea. Maybe the next time. We continued around the coast and headed for home. We were back by 3:00 or 4:00. We started for another trip to Limerick and we had a flat tire.

That evening we went into town with the Shannon's and a Swiss family. We went to the local pub. I don't know the women's talk-- but Michael, both at the pub and at the Luca's talked a lot about the current conditions in Northern Ireland and in the Republic. The Lucas's, by the way, rarely go to Dublin because of their fear of violence. Michael Shannon was raised on the border of Northern Ireland. As a child he related that many days were spent cycling and playing with protestant friends on the other side of the border. As children the frictions were far away. He was invited back to his best friends 21st birthday party. Everything went well. The next day he went fishing with his friend. On the way home his friend looked at him and said to Mike that this was the end and that Mike would not be welcome in his home again. No explanation was needed. Or in another case - Players cigarettes, which had about 70% of the market placed an ad in the paper seeking workers. The ad indicated that protestants only need apply. According to Michael the boycott by the catholic population was great enough that the percentage went down to 20%, Players published an apology- and at least on the surface offered impleymnt to anyone. By the way, the president of the Republic of Ireland- Childers was protestant and they had a Jewish mayor of Dublin.

Mike also was a good stout drinker. He indicated that the head on a glass of stout should be firm enough that if you write your name in it you should be able to read it when the glass is empty. They do love Guinness Stout. I guess I would have to agree - but I can't hold nearly what Mike could.

The economy was still staggering. Mike indicated that out of 17 graduating students in 1957, only 3 had jobs within

The next day he went fishing with his friend. On the way home his friend looked at him and said to Mike that this was the end and that Mike would not be welcome in his house again-- no explanation was needed. Or in another case- Playes cigarettes, which have about 70% of the market placed an ad in the paper seeking workers. The ad indicated that protestants only need apply. According to Michael, the boycott by the catholic population was great enough that the percentage went down to 20%. Players published an apology- and at least on the surface offered employment to anyone. By the way, the president of Ireland, Childers is protestant and they had a Jewish mayor of Dublin.

Mike also was a good stout drinker. He indicated that the head on a glass of stout should be firm enough that if you write your name in it you should be able to read it when the glass is empty. They do love Guinness Stout. I guess I would have to agree- but I couldn't hold nearly what Mike could.

The economy is still staggering. Mike indicated that out of 17 graduating students in '57- only 3 had jobs with-in a year and it hasn't changed that much. It was great to really be able to talk to someone in some depth. Back at Lucas' one bedroom is given to a Doctor from England.

We all move into one room, except Anne sleeps in the trailer.

July 25

The next morning we spend in the area and the Lucas girls are with us a lot. We go to Killaloe-Limerick where we buy Irish souvenirs and after returning home we go swimming at the "strand" beach on the north end of Loch Derg. We also visit Mrs. Shouldice and purchase some candy from her. The water was bitterly cold. I didn't swim. We also drove upon the hill and explored some of the little dirt byways. There was a monument to the fighting "Lienstermen" whoever they are. In an attempt to spend the evening in Killaloe-we ran into trouble- a flat tire changed those plans.

July 26

We're up early. We need to get the tire repaired. It's thru Killaloe, turn right by the thatched cottage and we find a service station on the highway. It's a short time and we have coffee in a typical truck stop. We return to Luca's and with one of the girls we arrange to spend the day on the Dingle Peninsula. The drive down is pleasant except we run into a lot

of rain. We pass thru Tralee (Remember the Rose) and out onto the peninsula. It's very mountainous and colorful. We start on the North shore and have to go through a pass to the south. There is the Inch Strand and finally Dingle. It is a very colorful primitive town. Lots of hills. We spend an hour or so. The souvenir shops are great, lots of Irish sweaters from the Aran Islands. Restaurants are scarce. We finally find a spot where we can buy sandwiches. We leave about 1:30. There is a mountain drive to the west of Dingle to cross back to the North shore. We take it. It's very spectacular. The road is very narrow and mountainous. As we approach the top, the fog is very thick for about 10 miles. Fortunately we meet no cars. We run into at least two flock of sheep with the shepherds directing them. The heather is beautiful and as we come out of the fog we overlook a beautiful green valley. We travel along the sea for 20 miles and then we have a leisurely drive home.

July 27

We ready ourselves for a leisurely return to Dublin. We head for Tipperary across to Wicklow and through the beautiful Glen- Glendolough. We stop in Tipperary for some shopping and near Wicklow we have lunch. We have our 1st Irish Coffee- Irish Whiskey in coffee topped with heavy whipped cream--u'mm good. The drive north through Glendolough follows a long ravine with large trees and heavy vegetation. The Mt. Herbert has our room ready- across from the hotel. It was a very pleasant uneventful day.

July 28

This is our last day in Ireland. I'm going to be very sad to see it end. The land was very hospitable and beautiful. We drive around Dublin and see several areas- nice housing areas etc. We spent the morning at the zoo, perhaps one of the nicest I've seen. It's very green, very spacious, and the animals well cared for. It was fun to see our common raccoon as a foreign animal. It was a delightful morning. We return the car. It's necessary to confirm our reservation on the ferry and also to get a Godfrey-Davis car reserved at Crewe. Also, American Express has a letter from my mother up-dating all the news. That was a long complicated process.

We eat again at our favorite restaurant. The kids demand to see our former waitress. She joins us and we have a nice chat. She has a friend in

the airlines and flies to N.Y.C. once a year. It amazes me that an overwhelming number of Irish persons have relatives in the U.S. Norway and Ireland both lost more the 50% of their population to the United States. We then visit the open fruit and vegetable market. Then we shop in two different woolen outlet stores and gawk at their handicrafts. A visit to Woolworths allows us to buy some trinkets- glasses for Irish Coffee etc. We retire to the Mt. Herbert early- tomorrow, early we leave for the ferry.

July 29

We're up early and we take a taxi to the ferry. We're about 1 hour early. The ferry is in Dun Loaghaire. We stand around and wait, finally we're on the boat. Again, it's a couple of hours until the cafeteria is open and the line is interminably long. The boat is overly crowded. It's difficult to get a seat or to find a place to store luggage. Lunch consists of beans and sausage, very little variety. We arrive in Holyhead, Wales about 2 or 3 and transfer to the train. The trains are very crowded. We find a spot and prepare for the run the Crewe. The kids are all excited about the amusement park at Rhyll and we agree that they need a break. Tomorrow- which is Sunday, we agree to stay there. At Crewe we get off the train and Linda is overwhelmed with homesickness and cries and cries. About 1/2 to 3/4 of an hour we wait and our car arrives, a new white Hillman, a beautiful car and we love it. It was a bigger model than we ordered, but they had no cheaper models in stock. If they were available in the states I would buy one.

Since it's about 6:00 we stop at the local hotel. It's fairly expensive but quite interesting. There is a wedding party taking place. We toured the town and then we retired to watch the royal horse show in the lounge. Our dinner was in a Chinese restaurant near the center of town. Crewe has a nice modern square with modern shops, etc. The room is hot and a fire trap. We finally sleep and the next day we are off again.

July 30

It's a very short drive to Wales and about 1 hour to Rhyll. Traffic is very heavy as we near the coast. We drive around the city several times. We drive along the beach, the amusement area, etc. The vacationing area is quite compact. About noon, after cruising the backstreets we find a B&B with a room available. Most places are filled up. However, Mrs.

Jalocouski, the owner is thrilled. We're the 1st Americans she has ever had stay at her home. We were treated most generously. Mrs. J. invited us to the labor hall to the dance in the evening as her guests. She pleaded with us to try and find her brother in the U.S., Dr. Tom Anderson. There was no indication of him in N.Y. where she thought he might be.

After settling in we grab our bathing suits and head for the beach. I've never seen so many pale people on a beach in my life. Apparently the sun is a rarity. We change into our suits and settle down for the next couple of hours. The tide is out and one can walk quite a ways into the bay before it's possible to swim. The tides in both Ireland and Wales are amazingly variable. There is a gentleman with several small ponies and donkeys who is giving rides. One of the startling sights were the number of silver tea sets which cropped up on the beach. Apparently the English and/or Welsh go few places without their tea. After an hour or so we retired to the pool. Was it cold! There were several slides. Jeff loved diving and Anne and Nathan enjoyed the pool. There were plenty of easy chairs. It was really pleasant to have a very quiet day. We ate our snack at the lunch counter, Hot dogs and milk duds are same here as elsewhere. The kids enjoyed the amusement park. Linda and Jeff tried the prawns (shrimp). We spent an hour there and its like anyother amusement center. For dinner we ate in a Pakistani restaurant. The chicken Tandoori and other foods were excellant.

That evening the kids stayed home and Linda and I went to the dance at the Union Hall. Met many interesting people and got a look at Sunday night among the laboring class in Rhyl. Lots of beer, drinking, and dancing.

July 31

After the usual breakfast of eggs, sausages, and grilled tomatoes we gget an early start. On our way out of the city we spy Castle Glywch. It's less than 100 years old but a fun tourist attraction. We drove up, parked and partook of the festivities. Before it opened we had a drink. Then we took the tour. Jeff and I went to the games. They had an exciting jousting and other "Knightly Sports" with the drama of the eveil black knight trying to win the fair maiden in distress. There was a lot of cheering and booing. It reminded me of one of the plays one Minnesota Showboat. The castle is quite impressive. It's huge and altho elegant, spartan. We have the opportunity to get signatures of the knights as they congregate in the

courtyard. The knights did an amazing job of striking severe blows without getting wounded. We left at noon and a very pleasant, unplanned morning was behind us.

We wended our way through the country roads around Rhyl until we caught the major highway to Denbigh - 20 miles inland. The major discussion centered on how to get to Holland. We decided it was essential to have reservations on the ship from Hull to Amsterdam. Much to our amazement the boats were all booked. The gentleman at the tourist office gave us a strange look and wondered why we chose only Rhyl to visit in Wales. It's obviously second class- but maybe that was our taste.

We proceeded on to Chester- a town that deserves much more time than we were able to give it. It's one of the oldest towns in England and was established by the Romans. Much of the original wall still stands. The downtown is one of the most unique. It is built on two levels. One street level and the second accessible by numerous stairs and a boardwalk. There are numerous fashionable shops. First stop is the tourist agencyssssss. Linda gets us a plane flight on British Airways to Frankfurt, more than we wanted to spend but there were not many choices. Then while everything is being finalized we shop. We look at a lot of beautiful woolens in a fashionable shop. Linda turns down a coat but gets me a very nice sweater. We have a late snack of chicken and pizza. We pick up our tickets and head north on the motorway. It's near 3-4 o'clock. The motorway passes to the East of Manchester and the major population center. We decide to get off the motorway and find a place for the night. About 10-15 miles East we stop at a little inn at the crossroads. It's full but the owner allows to phone ahead to the inn at Whitewell. There is no town there, only the 500 year old inn.. The inn has two rooms for 9/10 pounds for the family. We have the pleasure of a long relaxed bath. Dinner is good as usual. Later we go for a walk down the road and to a neat trout stream. We become acquainted with a father and his daughter who are spending a week there. The rates are much more reasonable. At most country inn's we find the conversations usually stimulating. In this case we exchanged many observations about life in England, the continent, and America.

August 1

A good hearty breakfast, some chit-chat and finally we leave about 10:00. The bar is quite colorful (500 years old) and the inn is full of

history, owned by the queen. We drive for a short distance through the woods and we have our first experience with the vast moors. For miles and miles there are no trees. A condition probably related to altitude and latitude not a lack of rainfall. The grass is abundant and we find a flock of sheep near a stream. We stop to pet and feed them. We soundly scolded by some elderly ladies passing that way. They explain the problems such feeding would cause the sheep. We continue on to Lancaster. We do some shopping and have lunch at a very modern shopping center. We buy groceries and at a small family owned type store the kids buy some flexible monkeys.

We proceed north and west to Windemere National Park, a pleasant and beautiful area. There are lots of low mountains and lakes. We stop at the main park center. It is a beautiful stone center with immaculate gardens. A small wilderness trail skirts the lake and we spend an hour or so. When we leave traffic is very heavy. We proceed north over some fairly rugged heather covered hills. The traffic is heavy. The road passes through numerous villages and is very narrow, much like Ireland. Towards evening we cross the border into Scotland. Immediately we start looking for a room. There is nothing available. The first town has two hotels and several B & B establishments, all full. We pass several other towns with out luck. Finally, in the middle of the moors we find a real hotel. They do have a room. My personal problem (bleeding hemorrhoids) erupt here and are a problem for the next several days. I sit in a lot of hot bath tubs.

We drive to Hawick for dinner, and then take an evening ride over the moors. There is a very small macadam road with the only potential passing spots indentations every half mile or so. There were a lot of sheep and every now and then there was a house tucked away near a stream. Not too unlike our west, except you can substitute heather for sagebrush. Upon our return we bed the kids down and spend an hour in the bar catching up on tv and local gossip.

August 2

The usual English breakfast. Again we meet travelers who are Jewish from Holland. This time our tablemates are firm supporters of President Nixon and they feel he will contain Russia. They are annoyed by watergate. They survived the war in Holland.

We continue on toward Edinborough. About noon we reach the outskirts. Linda calls the tourist bureau from the filling station. They

suggest that we travel on as there is a Jehovahs witness conference in town. The owner of the station routes us to Mrs. Sinclair's about three miles back and off a side road.

She was hard to find. It is sharp turns and twists down a driveway. Not only that, the pronunciation was strange, we were looking for Sinkler. Mrs. S. is about 80 years old and live with her son. They have a nice garden and operate a green house. The house is another old home with three foot rock walls and a beautiful stone fireplace. Mrs. S. felt she didn't want the children. She offered Linda the phone and Linda again called downtown. She hung up in tears and Mrs. S. decided she could sleep in the living room and gave us here bedroom for 2-3 pounds.

After getting settled in we drove to Edenborough. For a large town, Edinboro is fairly easy to get around in. We shopped in the major department stores and I sot a New Harris Tweed sports jacket. On the way back we stopped at a small shopping area and I made two major faux pas's. First, at the liquor store I remarked about the friendly Scotch, and was told that they are Scot's, Scotch is a drink. In Ireland we decided that Irish Coffee was a dandy drink. Second problem I tried to buy Irish Whiskey in Scotland. A discussion ensued by the 3 people and this particular fellow felt that the Northern Ireland war could spread to Glasgow where the feelings run high. While the laundry is being done at this time we also visited an ald fashioned candy store. Linda thought she was back in N.Y.C. as a child. After the laundry was done we went back home. We made a swift tour of Gorebridge- a suburb of greystone houses- not very attractive. They were across the road from Mrs. Sinclairs. Mrs. Sinclair wanted to know what the kids wanted for breakfast. They shouted in unison- sugared cereal. Well for 6 1/2 weeks there was no inkling that such a product existed.

August 3

Up for breakfast. Grapefruit sections, eggs, grilled tomatoes, bacon and sugared "cereal". Mrs. Sinclair is Nathan's favorite person that we met on the trip. Not only idi she serve "good" breakfastll but she also was very grandmotherish. Anne enjoyed Mrs. Sinclair's son and followed him around the greenhouse.

We set off early as our basic task was to see the castle. We drove to the castle park. my "problem" is very irritating , but we manage. The castle is at least 1/2 day affair. It;s on a high hill overlooking the city.

There are numerous museums and nooks and crannies. The kids are bored. We start down the main street, the "Royal Mile", which ends at the Queens residence. There are numerous little shops. One of the more intriguing shops is a bag-pipe shop. He liked to talk and gave us a good picture of his job. A bag-pipe costs about 75 pounds. The shop was old, dingy and dusty. We stopped for lunch at a Chinese restaurant next to the bag-pipe maker. The service is slow and we almost walk out but the lunch is O.K. We walk the rest of the Royal Mile and drive around town. There was one sign that amused Linda, A "Scratch and Itch Specialist". We also walked around the Queen's residence. At the end of this hike is a park with a huge monolithic rock. I would love to climb it but the weather is not so hot. Never did make that climb. We all need a bath so we find the local pool, a beautiful experience. It was the pool built for the British Commonwealth Games. It's huge. Jeff gets the jolt of diving from a high board. It's certainly refreshing. There is a cafeteria on the premises. The food is reasonable but not so hot. Macaroni and cheese.

We return to Mrs. Sinclairs and the tea pot is on in the fireplace. It's a very effective means of warming the room. There is another couple there. A Catholic couple. I enjoyed them. Linda felt they were putting us down. They sent their kid to private school. They felt the English and the Irish Catholics were very different and they had little sympathy with the Irish Catholics. Their daughter was a model and one of the major battles of the trip ensued as Linda decided she had to out do them as a mother and our kids and Linda had quite a conflict.

August 4

This is our last day in Edinburgh. Breakfast as usual. The kids, particularly Anne spent an hour or so with Mrs. Sinclair's son in the greenhouse. He gets up very early and goes to the flower market. He brings the flowers back and fills the orders, usually weddings and funerals. Anne is very intrigued by Mr. Sinclair, his accent as well as his job. Linda helps Mrs. Sinclair with the dishes and they have a nice chat. We again spend the day downtown. We tour the railroad and make reservations at a B and B in Inverness for the next night. One of the outstanding features is a hike to the top of the Walter F. Scott tower. It is very narrow and tight but it is a nice view. We shop downtown some more and eat at the big department store. The afternoon is rainy and the kids decide to spend it at the toy museum while Linda shops. The toy museum is in an old row-house type of building. They have 3-4 floors of

all kind of toys, mostly homemade. They are broken down into era, military, and doll house. Another pleasant evening with tea at Mrs. Sinclair's. She did not feel well and retired early. Linda and her daughter finished the dishes.

August 5

After a good breakfast we head out for Inverness. We drive through Edinburgh and along the coast to Perth. We stop for lunch and to stretch. An interesting note= we decided to cash travelers checks here. The clerk offers us a 10 pound note from the Bank of Scotland. He assured us it was legal tender. It was as large as the notes in Switzerland. Apparently, Scotland has in the past printed its own currency. The rest of the drive was very peaceful as it wound through the purple-heather laden hills between Perth and Inverness. Our accommodations are not exceptional but certainly adequate. I settle in and walk downtown. The town is really very lively, lots of green and very lovely homes. It is raining so we spend quite a lot of time in several souvenir shops. We cross the street in the downpour and eat at -you guessed it- another Chinese restaurant. The waitress was not about to take the 10 pound note but checked with her boss. Apparently it's not used that freely.

August 6

This day was spent driving mostly through Scotland. There was a lot of discussion about the Loch Ness Monster and even Linda thinks it might be so. The Lough Inverness is really beautiful and the countryside is quite wild. About 20 or 30 miles down the road we pass through some really small towns. It looks like the big event was the sheep shearing get together which must be similar to a rodeo. They have shearing contests and demonstrate working the dogs--That's according to the poster. A little further we come to Spean Bridge. Another little crossroads with a woolen mill. We spend about an hour here and buy Grandpa Edson a new sports coat and one for myself. They were very cheap.

The drive continued on through the highlands. At one point we passed a highlander dressed in kilts and with bagpipes looking for contributions from passing tourists. The route winds around famous Loch Lomond also. Linda and I took intricate care to avoid downtown Glasgow. But on one or two wrong turns and we go right through the center. Glasgow is a very depressing city. Large areas of tenements and very

little color. It's obviously a working class city. Glasgow and Edinborough are may be only 50 miles apart but they are miles apart in style, architecture and social life. (I Think) We now head south toward England and the motorway. Toward evening we near the English border. We choose to stop in a little village, Aberdeen and stay in a real B & B place, a private home that rents out several rooms. We cross the motorway and eat in a restaurant, the first one that's like country kitchen. The food is fair. Back at the B&B things are linvening up. The kids were sent to bed and the 6 Or 7 guests dat in the parlor with tea and cookies for the next couple of hours. A marvelous custom that one rarely sees in the states and is certainly not as intimate in the larger hotels in the U.S.

An elderly, overweight gentleman dominated the conversation talking about his dahlias. There was also a family from Manchester and ourselves.

August 7

Today is a long day with little or no sightseeing. I've really learned to love the Hillman. I wish they would build a comparable compact here. The trip to Heathrow is relatively uneventful. Our last full day in England. We stop for lunch at a typical Motorway stop that might be on the N.Y. Thruway or Pennsy Turnpike. One thing that struck me several placed sut particularly here was the use of guard dogs. They were locked behing a gate and I presume are brought out at night. I'm really happy, Godfrey Davis is waiting at the Holiday Inn.

Linda is really homesick., but acknowledges that she can stand being in a foreign speaking country if she has too. I like the challenge of existing in a spot where I can't speak to the natives. Three days in Germany is really a small time and we promised our friend Gerda Saunders that we would visit her mother in Bamberg. Frau Beier.

The motorway winds on- I soon discover 3 lanes. One for cars going 40/mph or less. This lane is full of 3 wheeled motor cars tjat we see frequently. I don't understand why they don't fall over. We by-pass the main drag to London after a heated argument. After-all, can one leave England without going to Oxford. We drive through the town, not very exciting. We saw nothing of the university. The drive is very pleasant, nothing special, lots of farmland. As we approach London the traffic picks up and we get the motorway. Aout 20 miles and there is Heathrow and the Holiday Inn.

Boy, is Holiday like the U.S. except that the money is in pounds. The car is a simple matter. The room has two double beds, color T.V. , there is a laundromat, and several good restaurants. If you're ever in London and homesick, try the Holiday Inn. There are no surprises, it's just as plastic and uniform as Inn's in the U.S. I do admit that I enjoyed it and was ready for it. Even hamburgers on the menu. In the morning we get our free ride to the airport. I didn't even think we had our traditional breakfast.

August 8

The taxi driver chats and expresses his displeasure at our destination, Frankfurt. He's not sure who won the war, Germany or Japan, look who has all the money. Opinions notwithstanding we settle in at the airport. We check through customs and once inside the loading area we can't leave. Luggage is carefully inspected because of fear of hijacking. We have 1-2 hours wait as the plane is late. Time to visit the duty-free shop and get Irish Whiskey. Finally we board. The meal is good and arrive about 2 1/2 hours later.

We get off the plane and it's like starting all over again. Another 1 1/2 hours while we check out the 5 or 6 car rental agencies. We settle on a Fiat, about \$100/3 days- whew is that high. It's a new fiat however. Boy- the Germans drive like everyone else on the continent - fast. We bet on the autobahn and immediately make a wrong turn into a military installation. We travel through a lot of forest and after several hours turn towards Wurzburg. Not wishing to tackle a large city we take a smaller road towards Bamberg.

About dusk it seems necessary to seek accommodations. We stop in a very small town, the name escapes me, but it's old and shows little war damage. The houses were two storey and all built together, with the stables below. The Inn is very old with huge wide wooded hallways, heavy oak doors and old beds. Very classy. Apparently it's a resort town. A couple of beers, a good healthy chicken dinner and time to stretch. We walk across the street. The miniature golf is just closing but they agree that the kids can play one round. A young fellow, just back from military maneuvers takes a good hour to help each of the kids. Although the scores are terrible it's a lot of fun. Maybe the Germans aren't all bad. Actually there were a lot of good experiences.